

No. 20  
AUG.  
SEPT.

Featuring **NERO FOX**  
THE JIVE-JUMPING EMPEROR OF ANCIENT ROME



# Leading COMICS



S' FUNNY—NO  
MATTER WHAT  
I DO—I CAN'T  
KEEP **COOL!**





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is for  
**JAGUAR**

OF THE FAMILY  
FELINE.  
FOR BOOKS WITH  
THIS SYMBOL  
HE SURE MAKES  
A BEE-LINE!



- ON THE COVER OF  
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IT'S YOUR  
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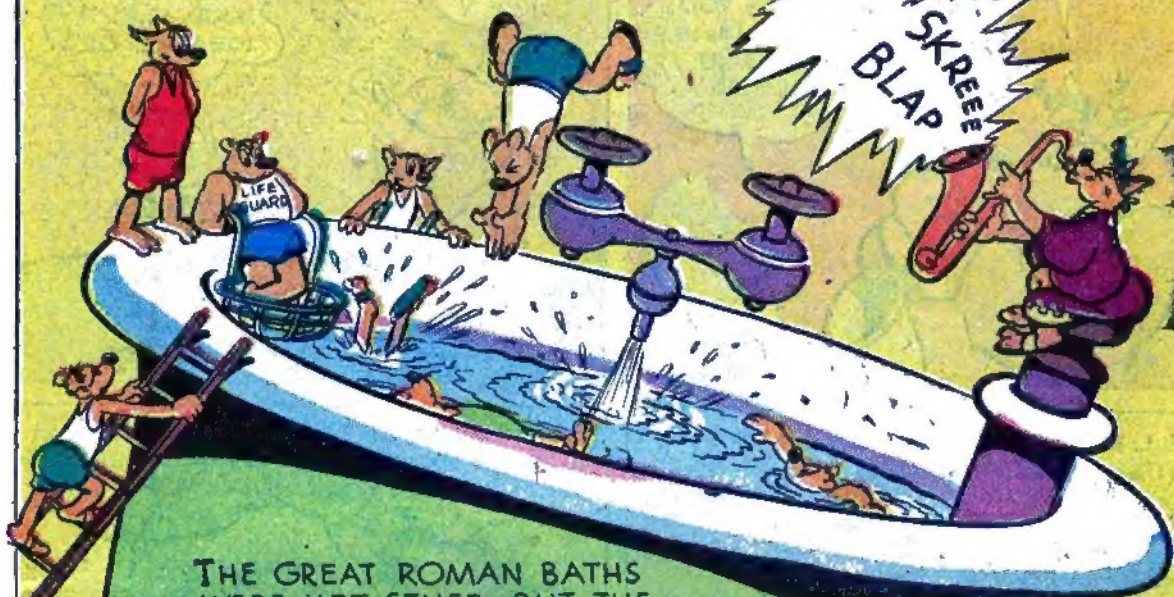
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# NERO FOX



THE GREAT ROMAN BATHS  
WERE HOT STUFF, BUT THE  
BIGGEST SATURDAY NIGHT OF  
ALL WAS WHEN EMPEROR  
NERO FOX BECAME A...  
"BATH PLUG FOR  
THE NIGHT!"

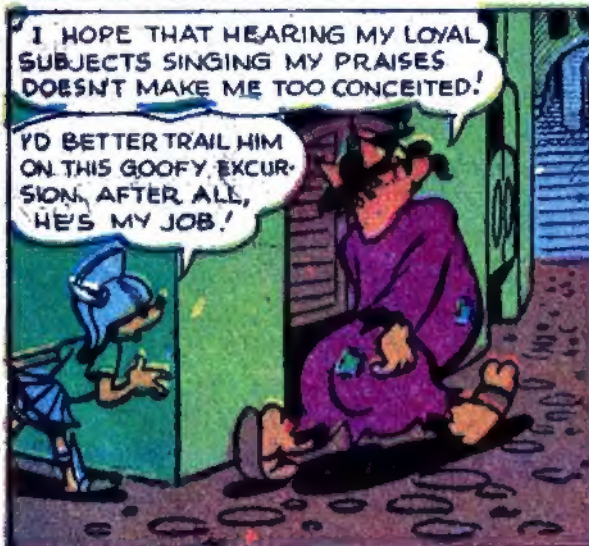
AWWK K  
SQUAWWK  
GRAWWK

BARKUS, THOU ART  
FAVORED. I SHALL NOW  
DIG A BIT OF HOT JIVE  
ON THE GOBBLE PIPE—  
I FEEL IN THE GROOVE!

YES, EXALTED  
HEPCAT.

YOW! IT'S  
WORSE THAN  
EVER—IF  
THAT'S  
POSSIBLE!







BUT TELL ME, CITIZEN - WHAT DID THE WRETCH SAY ABOUT THE EMPEROR?

HMPH! HE SAID THE EMPEROR IS A NIT-WIT!

WHEREAS ~~I~~ CLAIM DE EMPEROR IS A PIE-FACED, DOUBLE-BARRELED LUNK-HEADED, LOUT!

I AIN'T GOT NO PATIENCE WIT' GUYS WIT' WEAK VOCABULARIES!

HA, HA, SUCH RIFF-RAFF. HA, HA... BENEATH MY NOTICE!

AH, MY FRIEND. WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SIGN!

GLAD THOU LIKEST IT, CITIZEN. I PUT MY HEART AND SOUL INTO IT!

NERO FOX IS HISTORY'S GREATEST EMPEROR

YOU SEE, I BELONG TO THE "LIAR'S CLUB", AND UP TO NOW I'VE LOST EVERY CONTEST - BUT WITH THIS SIGN, I'M A CINCH FOR FIRST PRIZE!

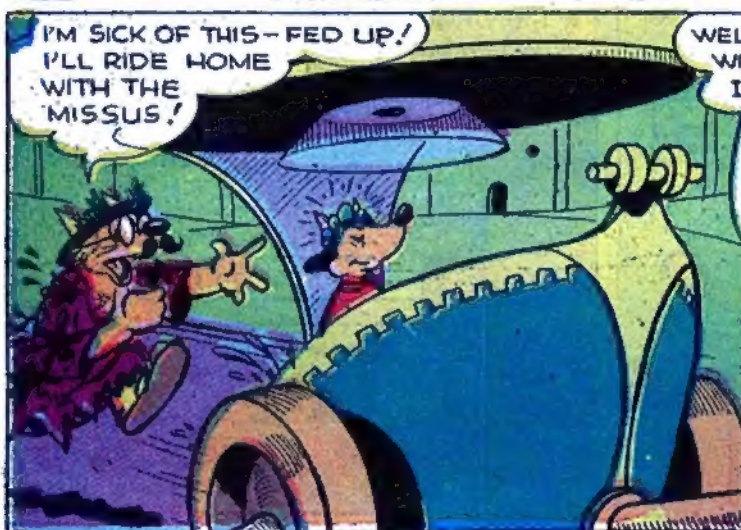
!!!

WILLIE, SOME DAY WHEN YOU MEET THE EMPEROR HE WILL REMIND YOU OF THIS BEAUTIFUL STATUE - HE'S SO DIFFERENT!

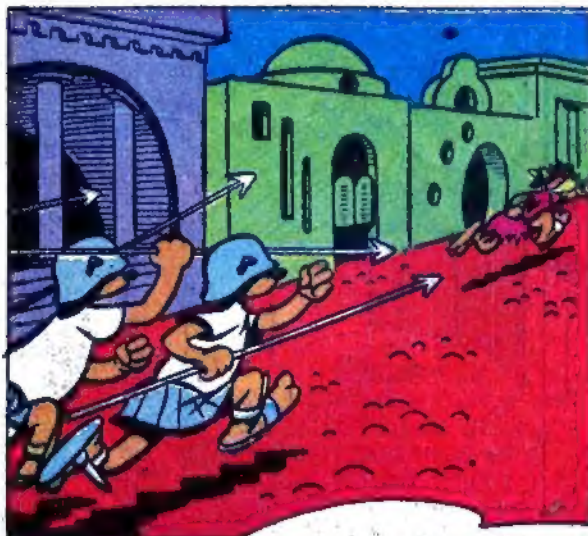
OH, FUDGE PHOOEY AND FIDDLESTICKS, ANYHOW!

APOLLO









AS YUH WENT BY, I SEEN  
YUH WAS ONE OF US, PAL. WE  
DON'T LIKE TO WASH NEITHER!

PS-SS-ST! IN HERE!

WH...  
WHAT!?

WE'RE DE ANTI-  
SATURDAY-NITE-BATH  
SOCIETY, AN' T'NIGHT BEIN'  
SATURDAY WE STRIKE DE  
GREAT BLOW FER FREEDOM—  
WE'RE WRECKIN' DE ROMAN  
BATHS FER GOOD!

OH, OH! THAT'LL  
RUIN THE EMPIRE'S  
MORALE—B-BUT I  
AM IN THEIR POWER!

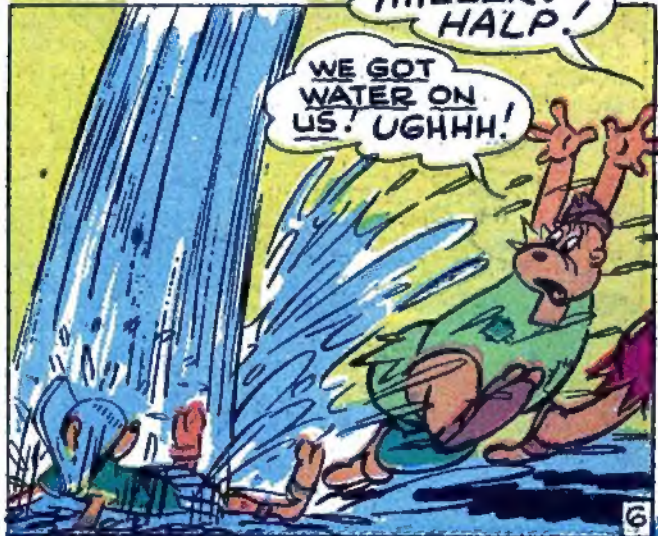
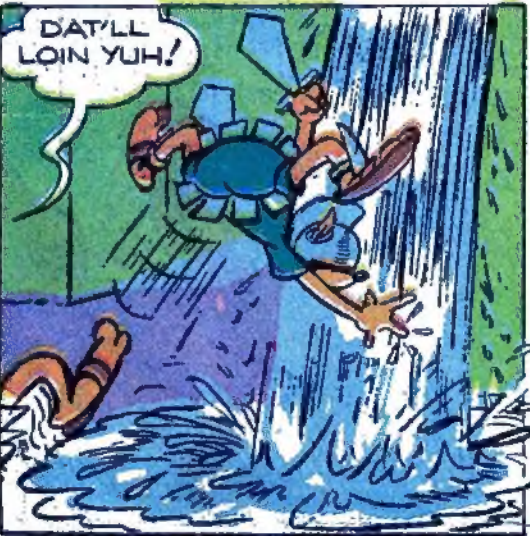
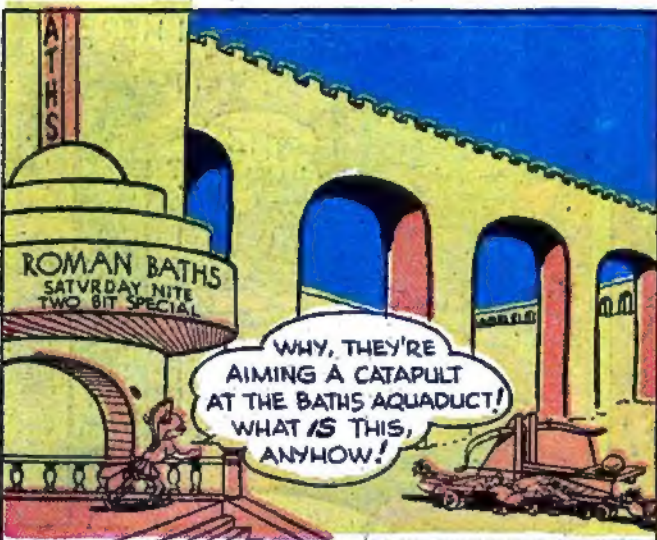
IT'S GETTIN' DARK. LET'S GO.  
DE PLAN IS TO KNOCK HOLES  
IN DE VIADUCT, SO DE BATHS  
DON'T GIT NO WATER!

I'LL HAVE TO  
PRETEND I'M  
WITH THEM!

HOORAY!

AH, THERE HE GOES  
TOWARD THE BATHS. I  
LOST HIM FOR A SPELL.  
WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING  
IN SUCH OUTLANDISH  
COMPANY!













I COME  
TO...

IT'S A SHAME  
BUT IF MY PLAN  
WORKS...



EEYOWW!



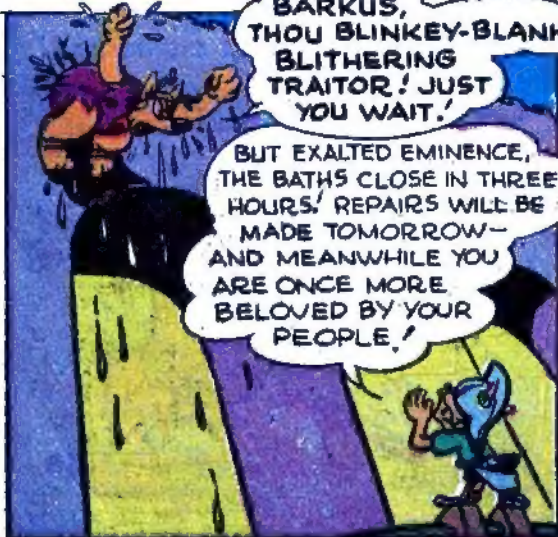
IT'S  
NERO!

'RAY!  
NERO'S  
PLUGGED  
THE BATH  
LEAK!



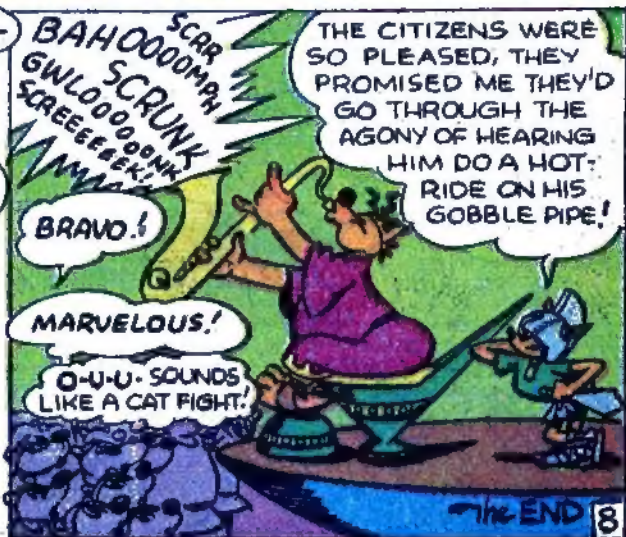
GOOD. THE WATER  
HAS WASHED OFF THE  
MUD AND HIS DISGUISE,  
AND THEY THINK HIM  
A-HERO!

HUZZA!  
NOBLE  
NERO!



BARKUS,  
THOU BLINKY-BLANK-  
BLITHERING  
TRAITOR! JUST  
YOU WAIT!

BUT EXALTED EMINENCE,  
THE BATHS CLOSE IN THREE  
HOURS! REPAIRS WILL BE  
MADE TOMORROW—  
AND MEANWHILE YOU  
ARE ONCE MORE  
BELOVED BY YOUR  
PEOPLE!



SCAR  
GWLOOONK  
SCREEEEK!  
BAHOODMAN  
SCRUNK  
MARVELOUS!

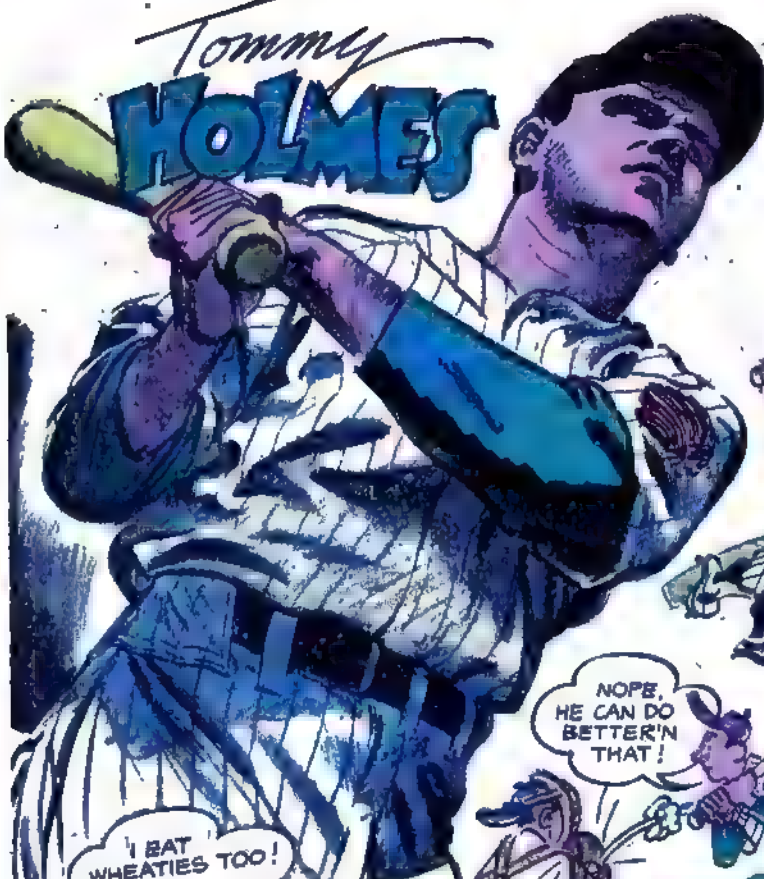
BRAVO!

MARVELOUS!

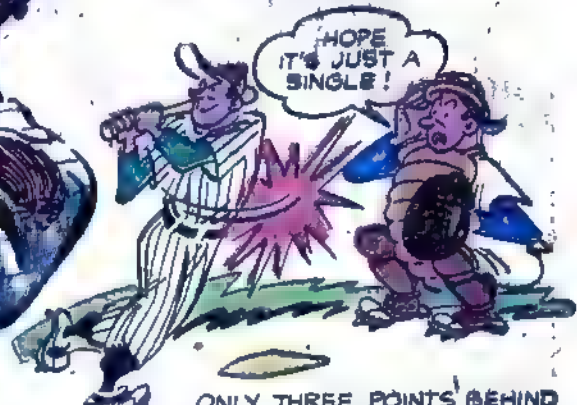
O-U-U. SOUNDS  
LIKE A CAT FIGHT!

THE CITIZENS WERE  
SO PLEASED, THEY  
PROMISED ME THEY'D  
GO THROUGH THE  
AGONY OF HEARING  
HIM DO A HOT-  
RIDE ON HIS  
GOBBLE PIPE!

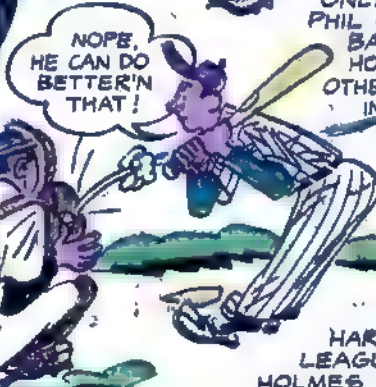




THE BOSTON BRAVES' OUTFIELDER WAS THE HITTER OF THE YEAR AND 1945 CHOICE OF "SPORTING NEWS" AS THE MOST VALUABLE PLAYER IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.



ONLY THREE POINTS BEHIND PHIL CAVARRETTA FOR THE BATTING CHAMPIONSHIP HOLMES TOOK MOST OF THE OTHER SWAT HONORS—LEADING IN HITS, TOTAL BASES, DOUBLES AND HOMERS. HE WAS THE ONLY BATTER IN THE MAJORS TO PUNCH OUT 200 HITS



HARDEST MAN IN THE LEAGUE TO STRIKE OUT, HOLMES IS A GREAT JUDGE OF PITCHES. HE'S A GOOD JUDGE OF BREAKFAST, TOO. "I LIKE TO START MY MORNING MEAL WITH LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,'" SAYS CHAMPION TOMMY HOLMES. "WHEATIES GIVE YOU GOOD NOURISHMENT AND PLENTY OF FLAVOR." BETTER GIVE "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" A TRY



SLUGGING AT A .423 CLIP HOLMES SET A NATIONAL LEAGUE RECORD OF HITTING SAFELY FOR 87 GAMES. HE WAS STOPPED FINALLY BY HANK WYSE OF THE CHICAGO CUBS



**H**OLMES IS KNOWN AS A TAILOR-MADE BATTER. HE TAUGHT HIMSELF TO HIT. AND HE GIVES YOU SOME VALUABLE HITTING TIPS IN "WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?" (OFFENSIVE PLAY) EDITED BY ETHAN ALLEN. WATCH YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF THIS NEW LIBRARY OF SPORTS BOOK. BE SURE TO GET YOUR COPY!

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



# HUGO HORNSPREED



HUGO HORNSPREED AMUSES HIMSELF.

SURE IS FUN PLAYIN' MUMBLY-PEG WITH PAW'S NEW PLOW.



HUGO! LET ALONE THET THERE PLOW. IT'S A WORK THING, NOT A PLAYTHING!

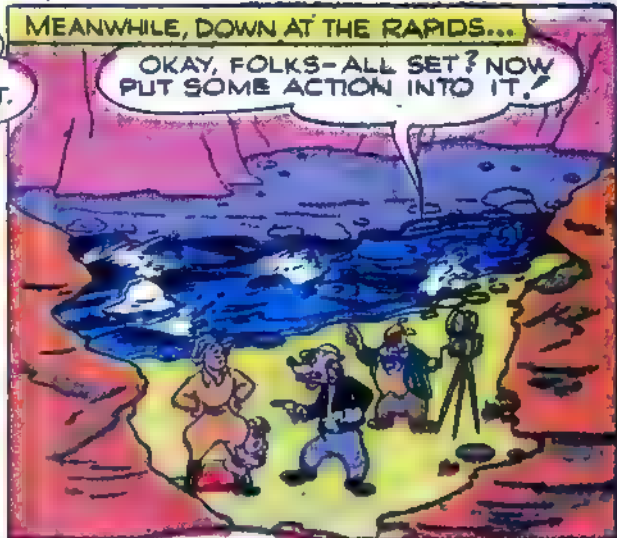






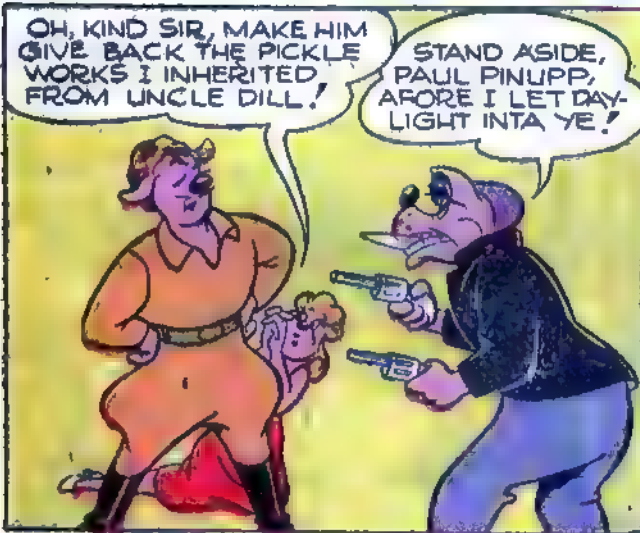
SHUCKS! GUESS I'LL GO DOWN TO THE CANYON AND WADE IN THE RAPIDS!

AIN'T NO TELLIN' WHAT THAT YOUNG 'UN WILL DO NEXT.



MEANWHILE, DOWN AT THE RAPIDS...

OKAY, FOLKS-ALL SET? NOW PUT SOME ACTION INTO IT!



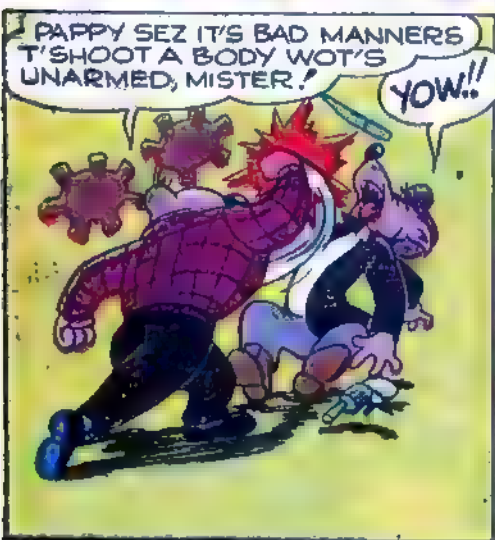
OH, KIND SIR, MAKE HIM GIVE BACK THE PICKLE WORKS I INHERITED FROM UNCLE DILL!

STAND ASIDE, PAUL PINUPP, AFORE I LET DAY-LIGHT INTA YE!



HAVE A CARE, WILL WOLFE-I AM ADEPT AT FISTICUFFS!

WH-WHY, LOOKIT THAT!



PAPPY SEZ IT'S BAD MANNERS T'SHOOT A BODY WOT'S UNARMED, MISTER!

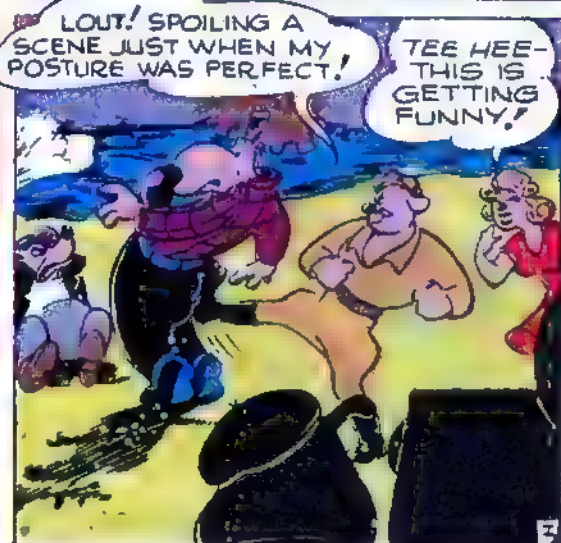
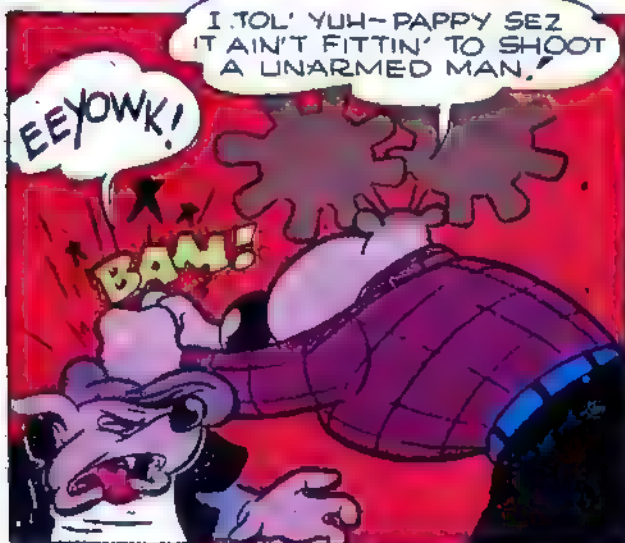
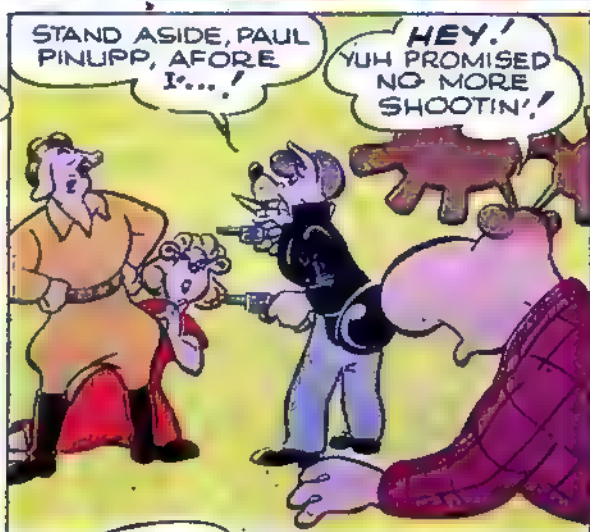
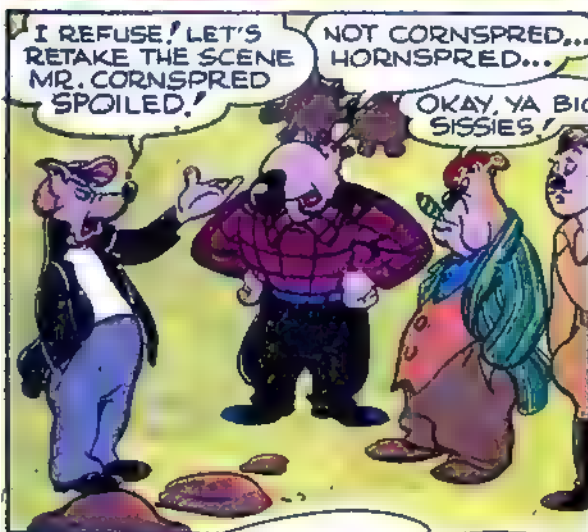
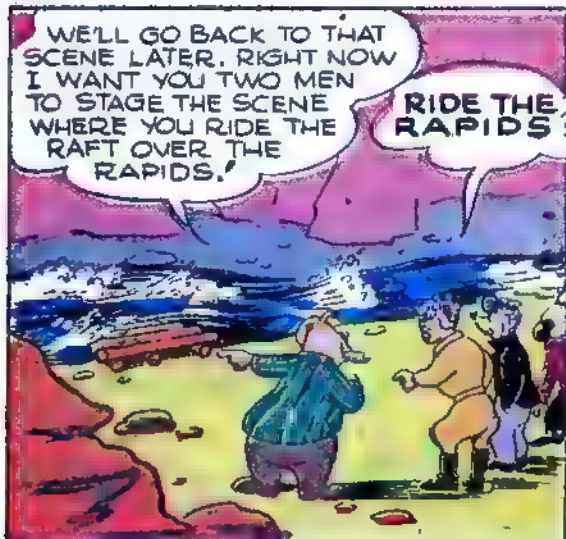
YOW!!



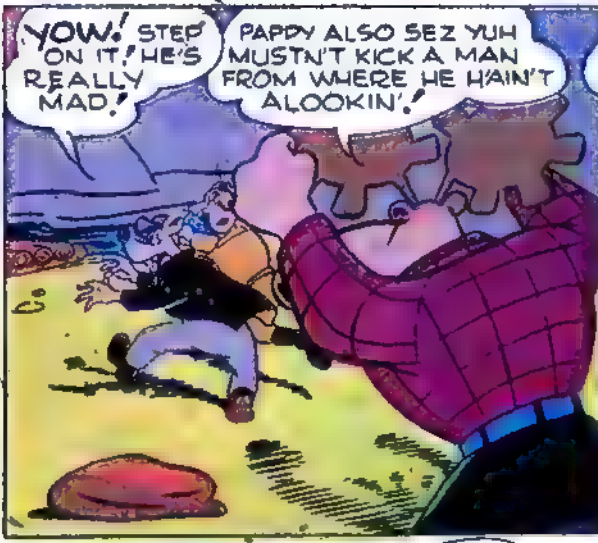
LOOK, YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG, LUNKHEAD! IT'S JUST A SCENE. THERE WON'T BE ANY SHOOTING!

WAL, AWRIGHT THEN. BUT YE GOT M'NAME WRONG-TAIN'T LUNKHEAD.. IT'S HORNSPREED!



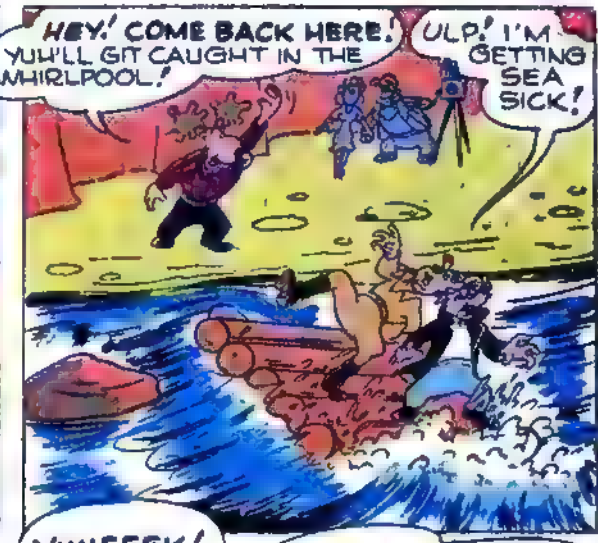






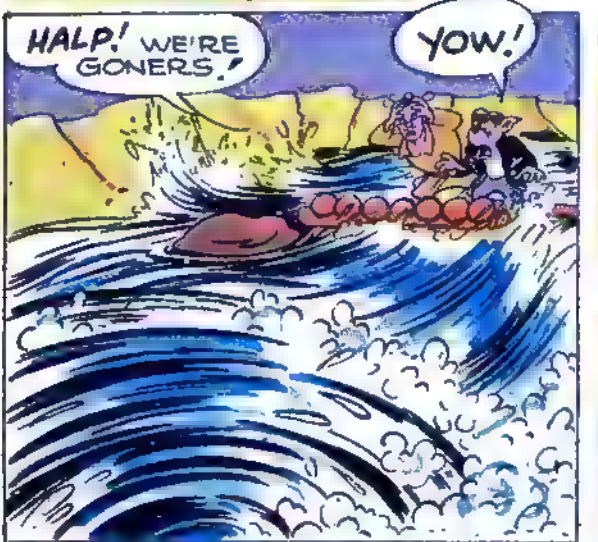
YOW! STEP ON IT, HE'S REALLY MAD!

PAPPY ALSO SEZ YUH MUSTN'T KICK A MAN FROM WHERE HE HAIN'T ALOOKIN'!



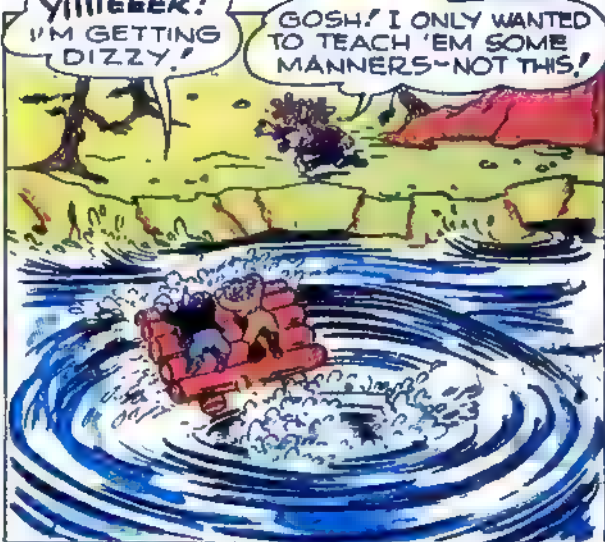
HEY! COME BACK HERE! YUH'LL GIT CAUGHT IN THE WHIRLPOOL!

ULP! I'M GETTING SEA SICK!



HALP! WE'RE GONERS!

YOW!

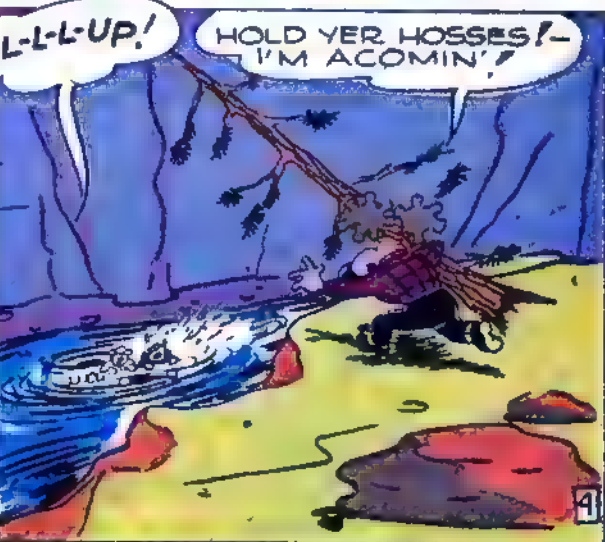


YIIIEEEK! I'M GETTING DIZZY!

GOSH! I ONLY WANTED TO TEACH 'EM SOME MANNERS-NOT THIS!



I'LL HAFTA HURRY!



HAL-L-L-UP!

HOLD YER HOSSES!- I'M ACOMIN'!





GIT AHOLT O' THIS AN' CLIMB UP, GENTS!



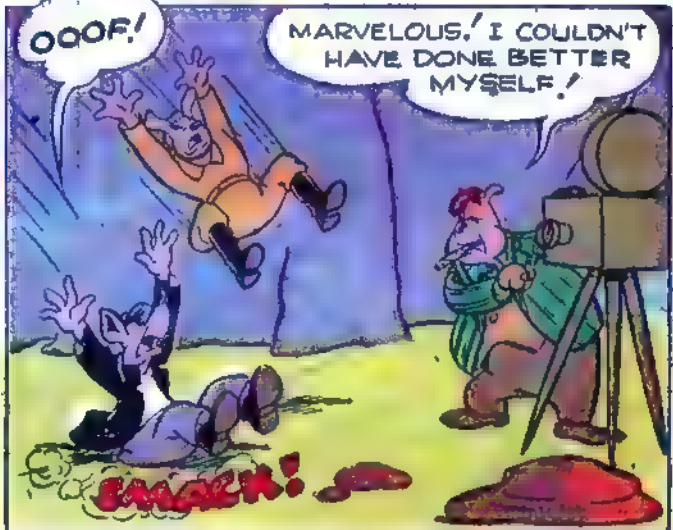
BUT AS HUGO STEADIES THE TREE...

AH! NOW THEY CAN CLIMB UP TO SAFETY!



IIIIIEEEE!

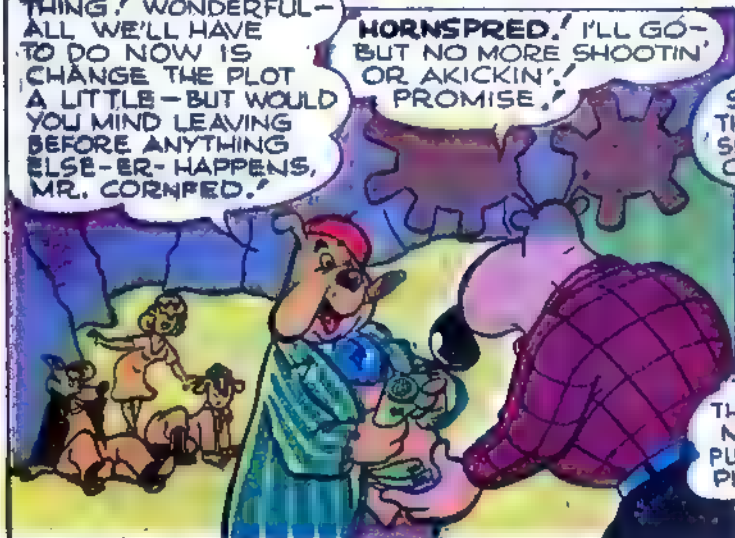
BBEYOWTCH!



OOOF!

MARVELOUS! I COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF!

SMACK!



I GOT THE WHOLE THING! WONDERFUL - ALL WE'LL HAVE TO DO NOW IS CHANGE THE PLOT A LITTLE - BUT WOULD YOU MIND LEAVING BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE-ER- HAPPENS, MR. CORNPED.

HORNSPRED! I'LL GO - BUT NO MORE SHOOTIN' OR AKICKIN'. PROMISE.



THAT NIGHT...

NOPE!

AN' YUH SAY YUH STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT THE MAN WAS GONNIA SHOOT TH' OTHER ONE FER, EH?

THET MONEY THEY GIVE HUGO MAKES A RIGHT PURTY CENTER PIECE, DON'T IT, PAW?

THE END



OH BOY! MORE 'OF  
THOSE SWELL PICTURES  
THAT MOM PUTS ON  
YOUR CLOTHES WITH  
A HOT IRON!

# Swell New PRIZES!

ONE PRIZE IN  
EVERY PACKAGE  
OF KELLOGG'S  
SHREDDED WHEAT!

EXCITING HOT-IRON TRANSFERS



Measure  
up to 4½ in.  
by 2½ in.

GET ONE AS A PRIZE  
IN EVERY PACKAGE!

SAY, lookit that big old bear, and that shorty rhinoceros, and that cute Scotty! Golly, the kids will be bug-eyed when you have swell pictures like these right on your clothes.

It's easy to get these keen prizes. And mom can press them on sweat shirts, sport jackets, etc., with a hot iron. No fuss. They transfer clear and sharp, stand up through many launderings.

No money, nothing to send in!

You get one of these dandy hot-iron transfers as a prize in every package of Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT. Nothing to mail, no waiting. You get your prize when you get your Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT.

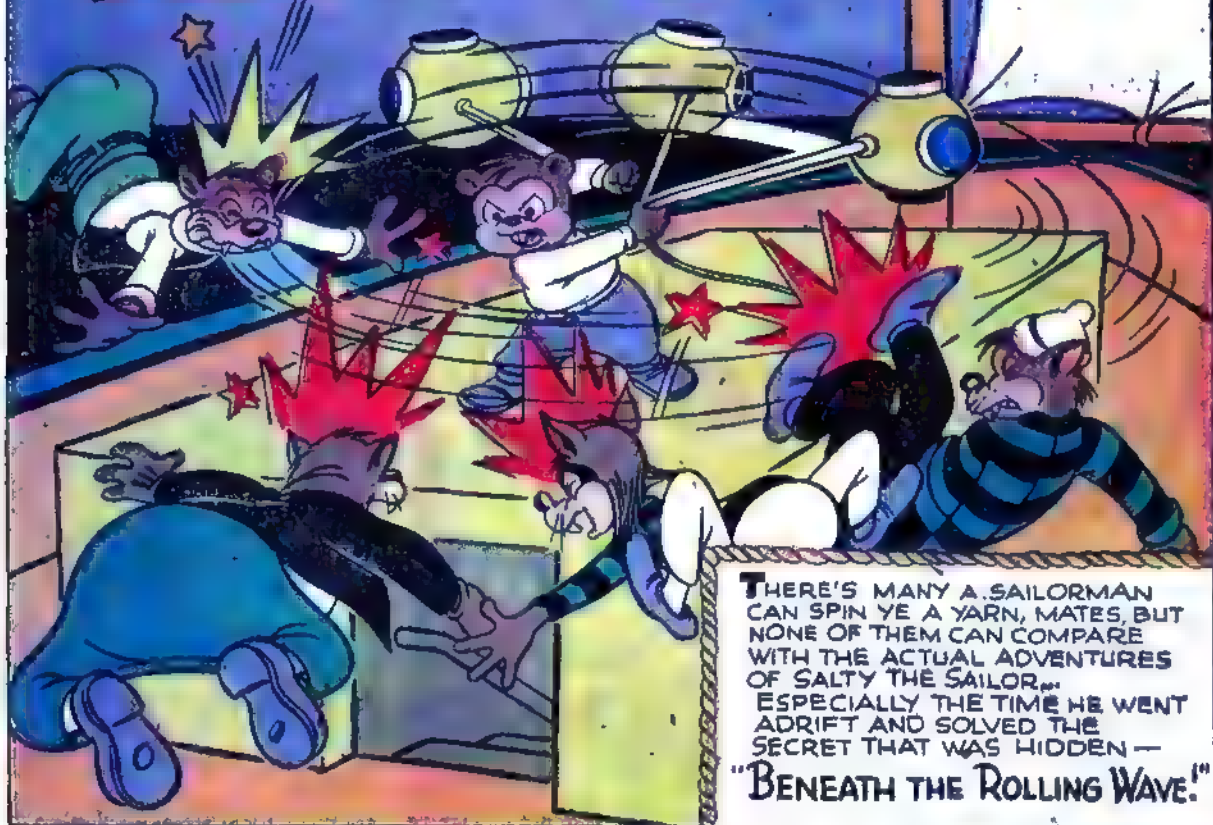
P-s-s-t, this is for mom! Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT is a swell food for energy—100 per cent whole wheat! Tastes like more, too. Look for the name "Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT."

These 6 new pictures make 12 so far. Lions, tigers, elephants, and dogs in addition to those shown. Get the whole collection. Start yours right away! Swap duplicates with your friends.





# SALTY THE SAILOR



THERE'S MANY A SAILORMAN  
CAN SPIN YE A YARN, MATES, BUT  
NONE OF THEM CAN COMPARE  
WITH THE ACTUAL ADVENTURES  
OF SALTY THE SAILOR...  
ESPECIALLY THE TIME HE WENT  
ADRIFT AND SOLVED THE  
SECRET THAT WAS HIDDEN —  
"BENEATH THE ROLLING WAVE!"

SALTY THE SAILOR TRIES TO KEEP  
AWAKE ON A DROWSY DAY...

SURE COULD USE A LITTLE FORTY-  
WINK SNOOZE... WONDER WHO THOSE  
STRANGERS ARE, A-TYIN' UP T' THE  
WHARF?...



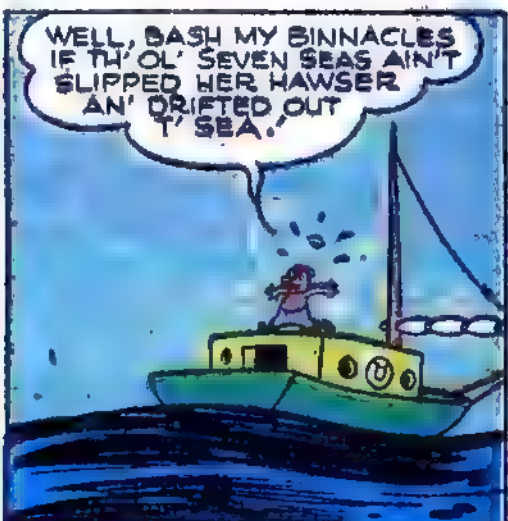
TOUGH-LOOKIN' CREW...  
OH, WELL, IT'S NONE O'  
MY BUSINESS... Z-Z-Z-Z  
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z...



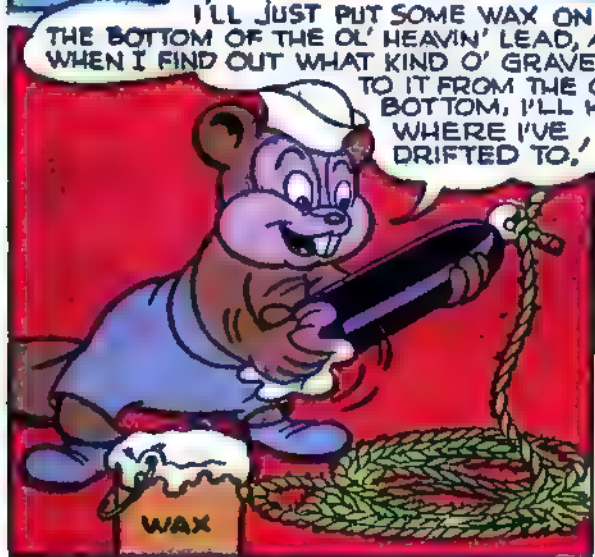




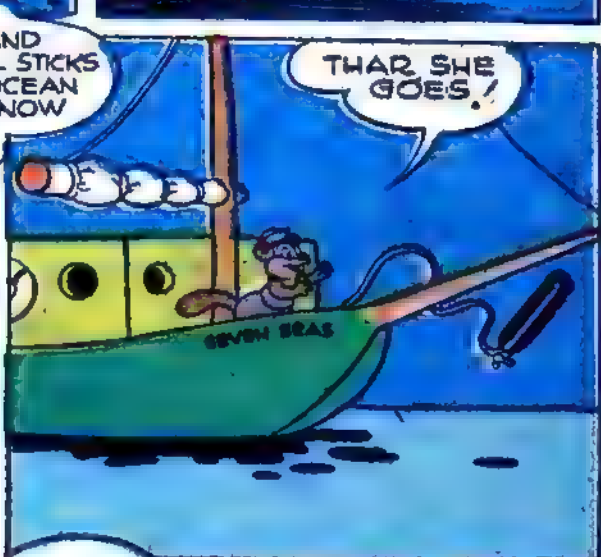
(YAWN)  
SOME  
SNOOZE!



WELL, BASH MY BINNACLES  
IF TH' OL' SEVEN SEAS AIN'T  
SLIPPED HER HAWSER  
AN' DRIFTED OUT  
T' SEA.



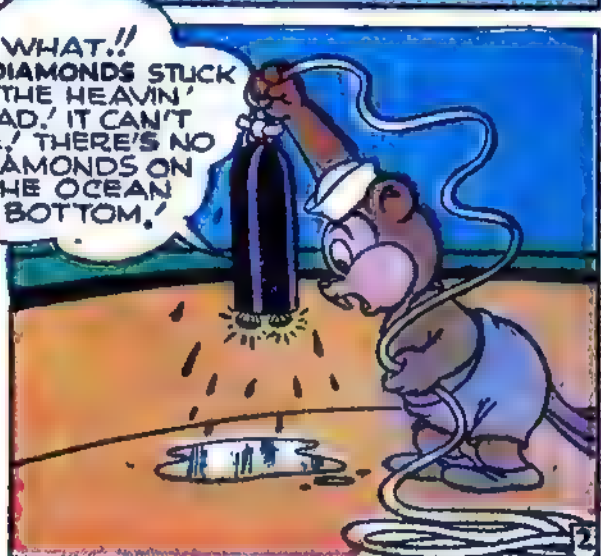
I'LL JUST PUT SOME WAX ON  
THE BOTTOM OF THE OL' HEAVIN' LEAD, AND  
WHEN I FIND OUT WHAT KIND O' GRAVEL STICKS  
TO IT FROM THE OCEAN  
BOTTOM, I'LL KNOW  
WHERE I'VE  
DRIFTED TO.



THAR SHE  
GOES!

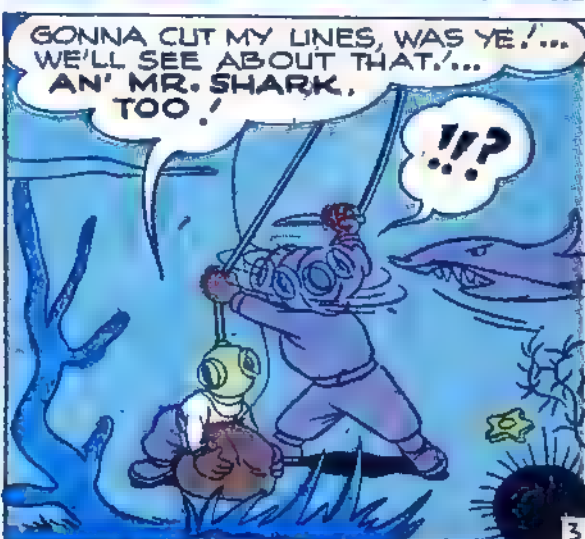
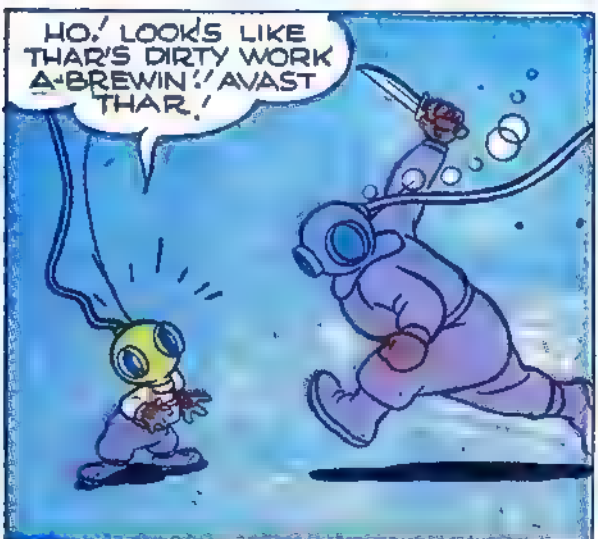
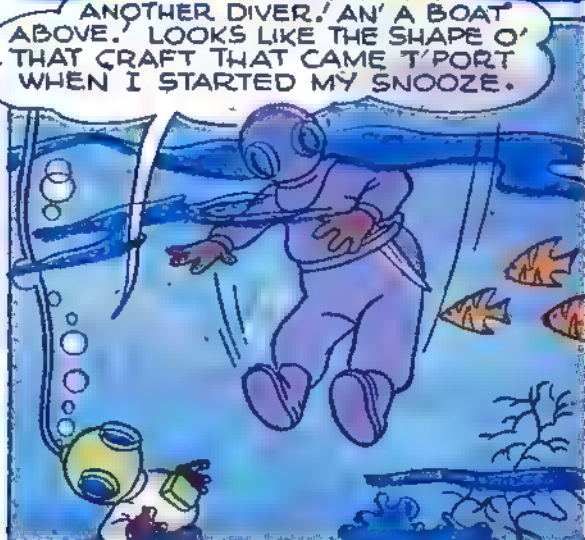
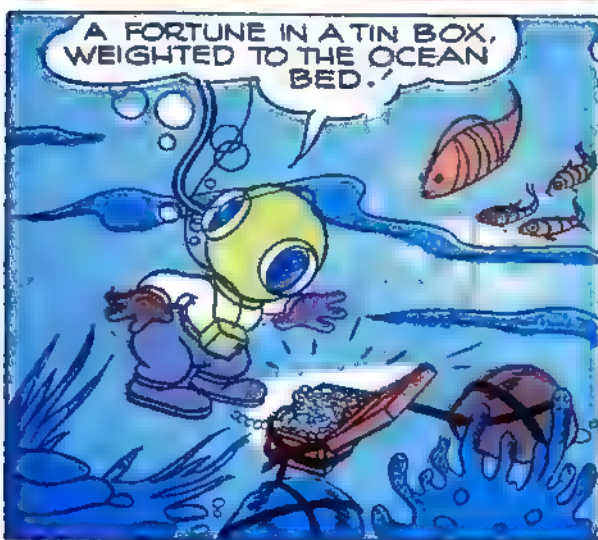
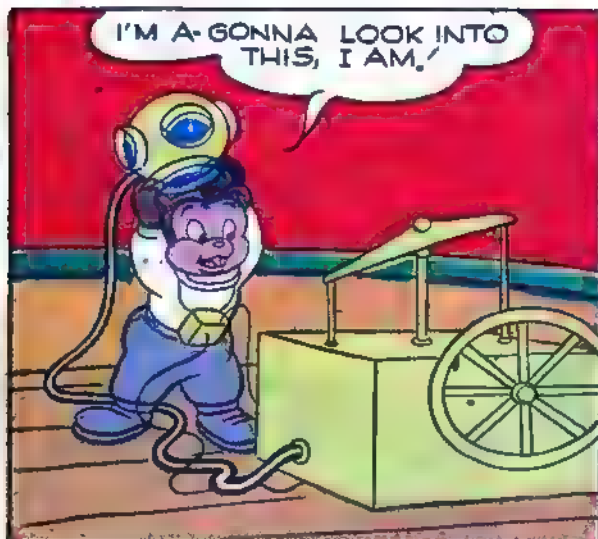


I'LL HAVE MY BEARINGS  
IN A JIFFY NOW!

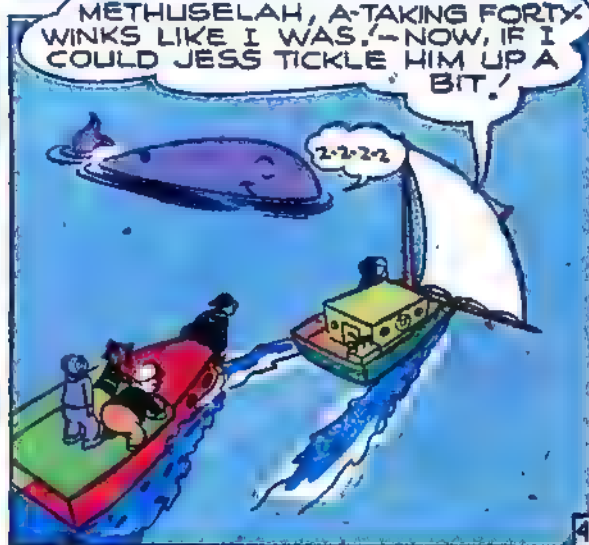
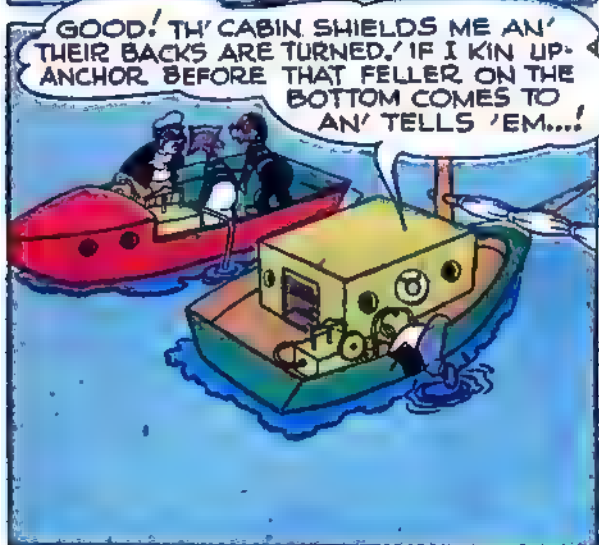
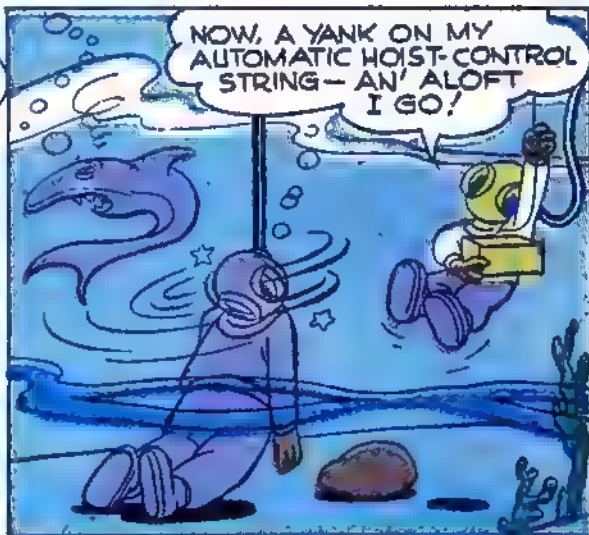
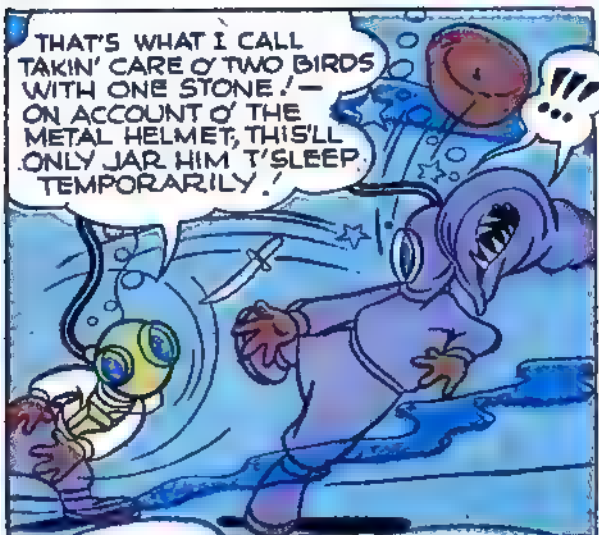


WHAT!!  
DIAMONDS STUCK  
T' THE HEAVIN'  
LEAD! IT CAN'T  
BE! THERE'S NO  
DIAMONDS ON  
THE OCEAN  
BOTTOM!

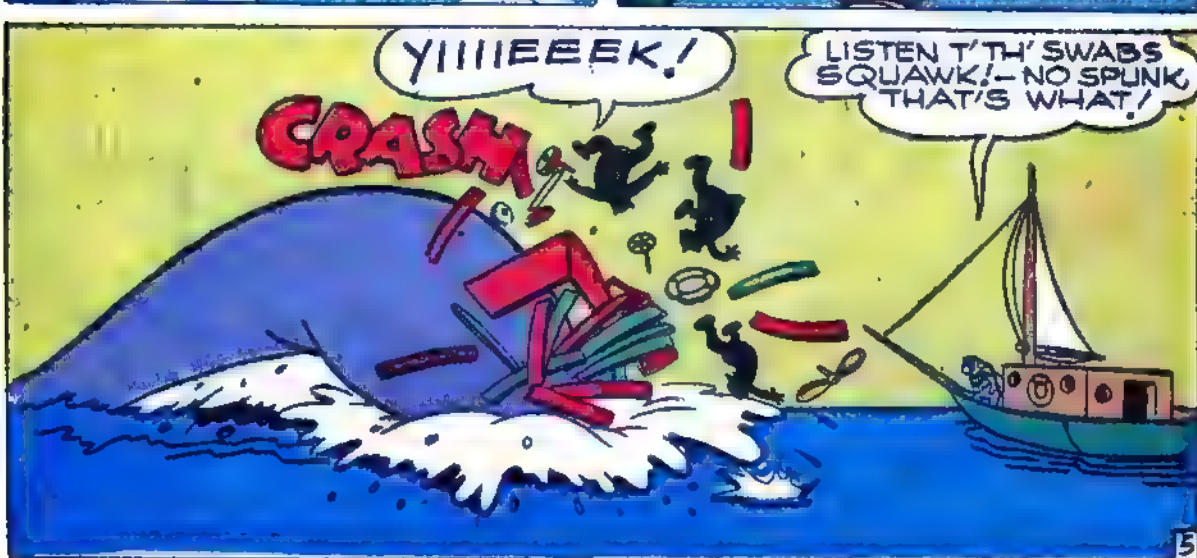
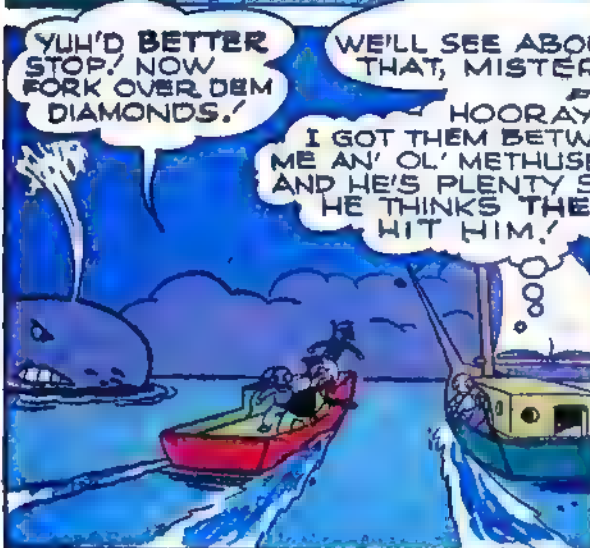
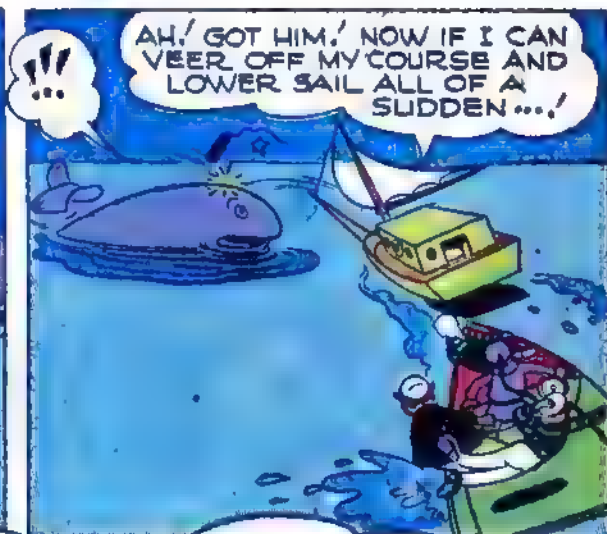
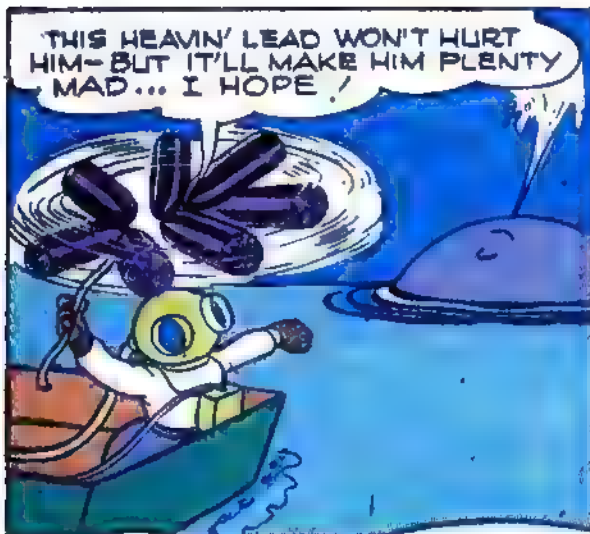




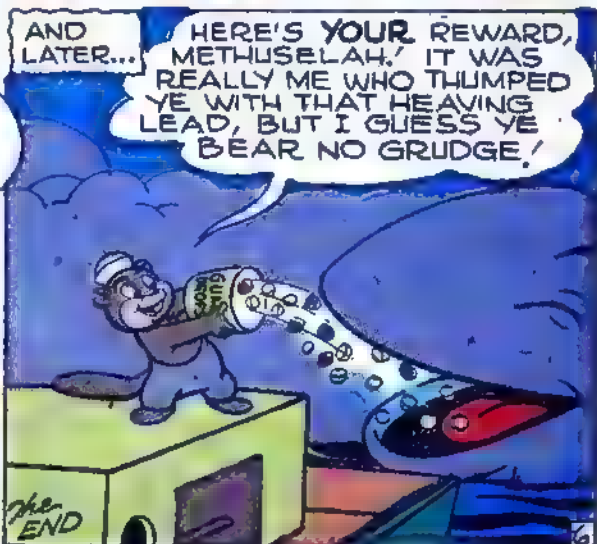
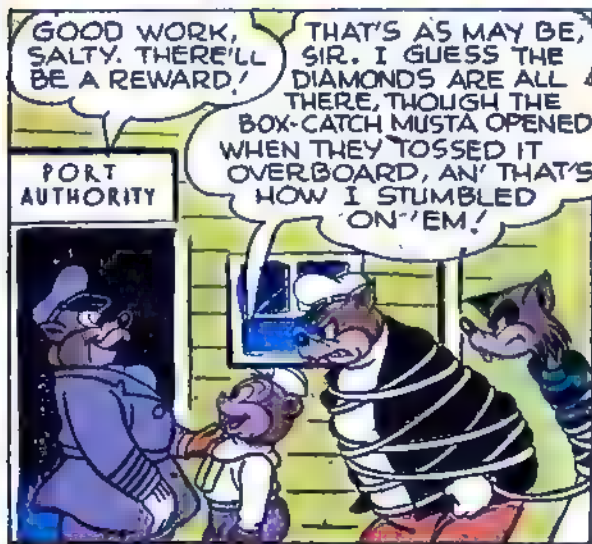
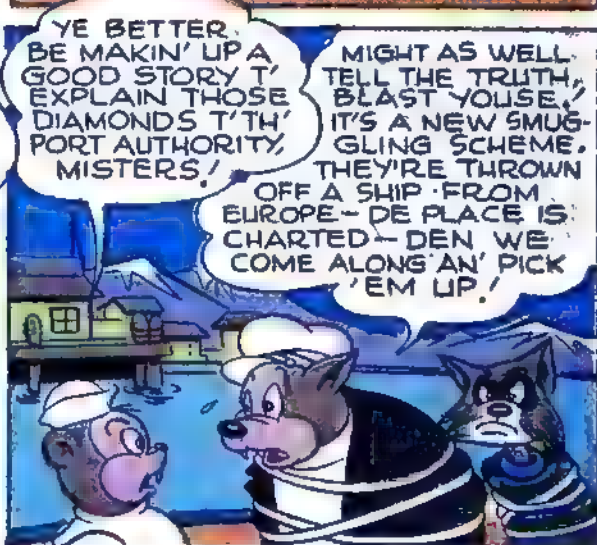
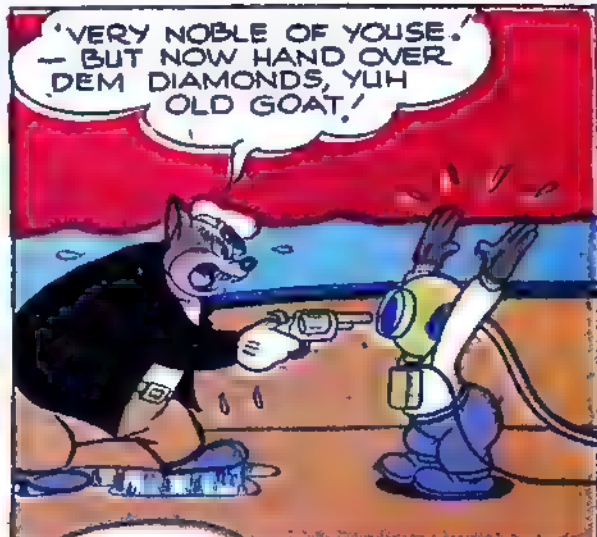
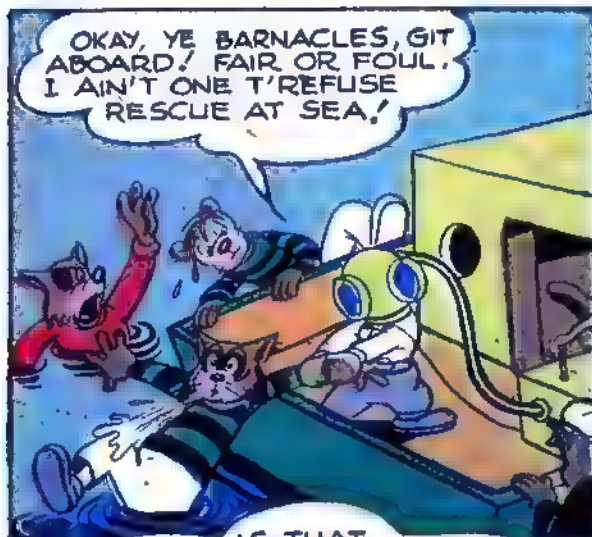




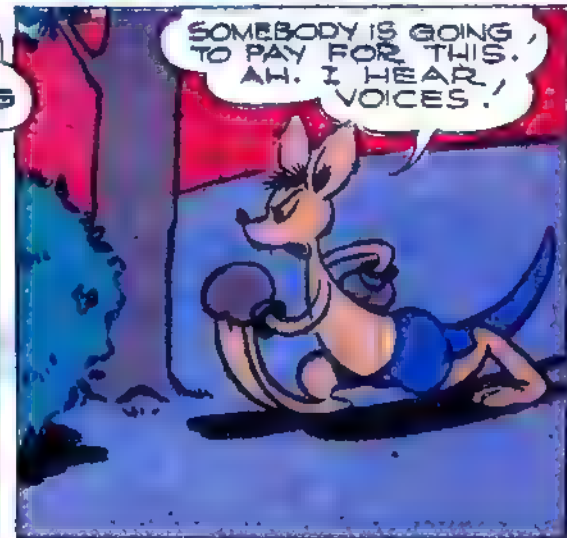
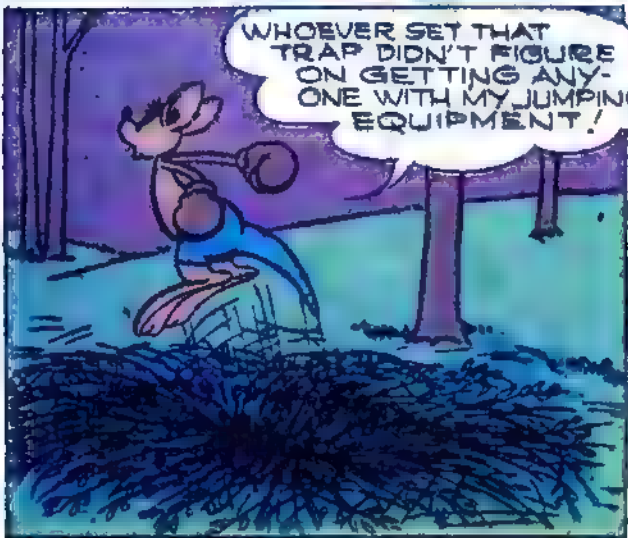
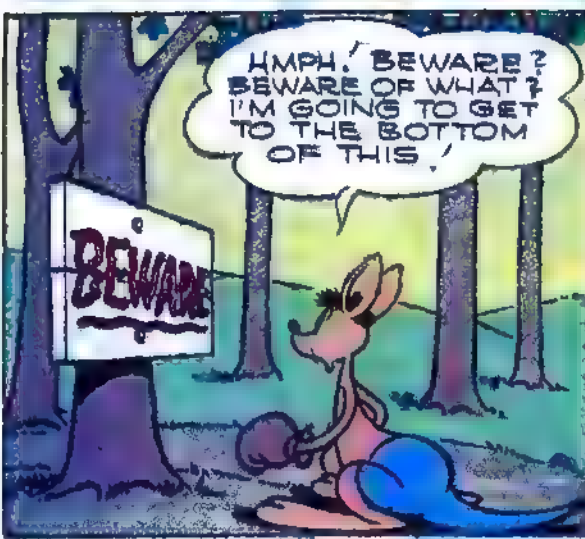
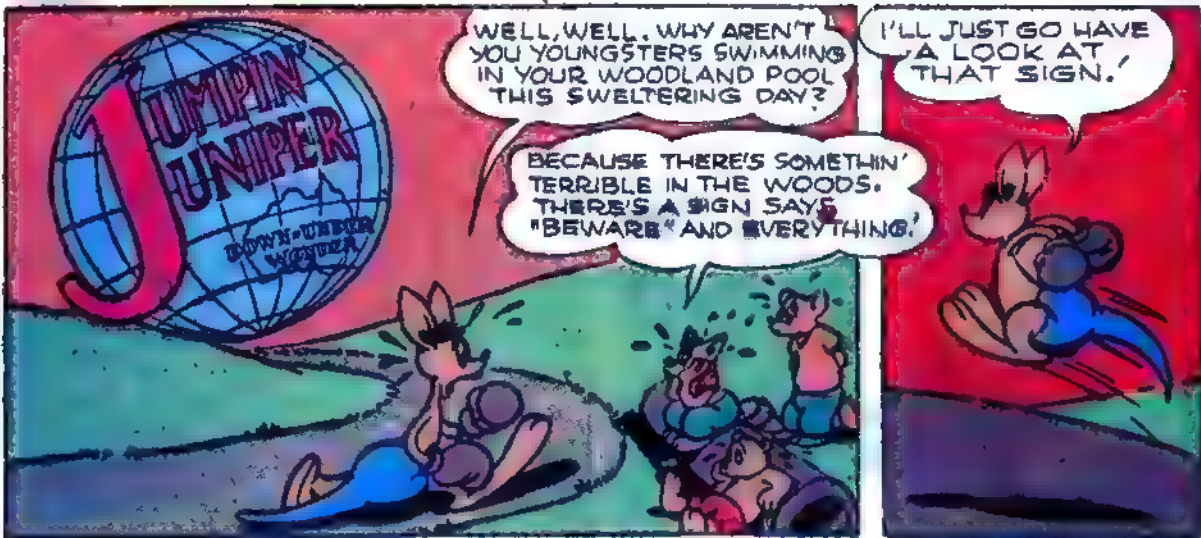




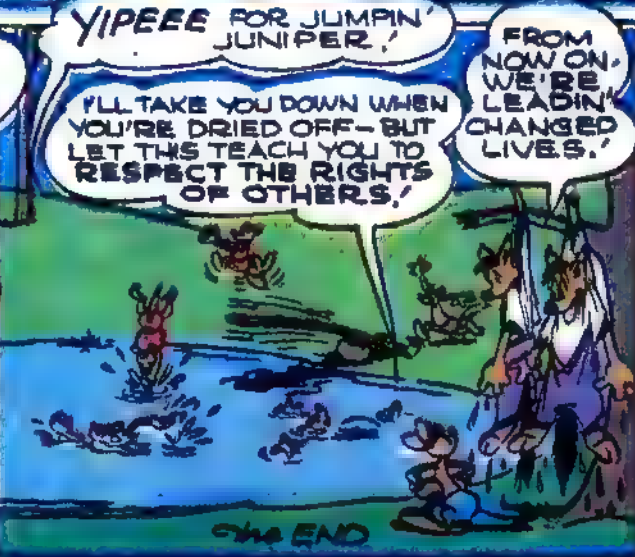
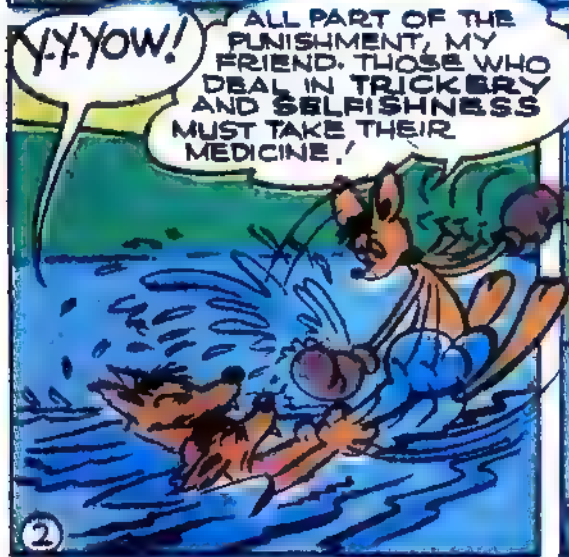
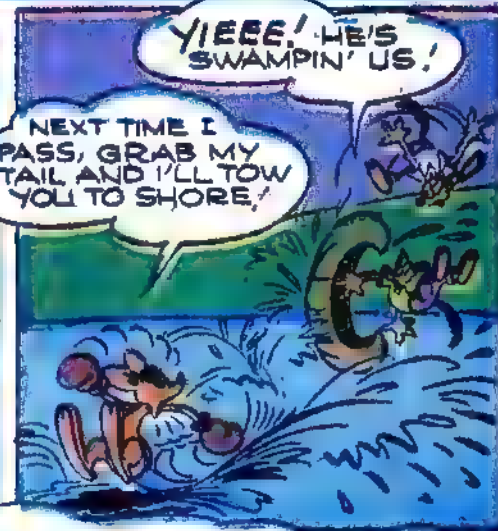
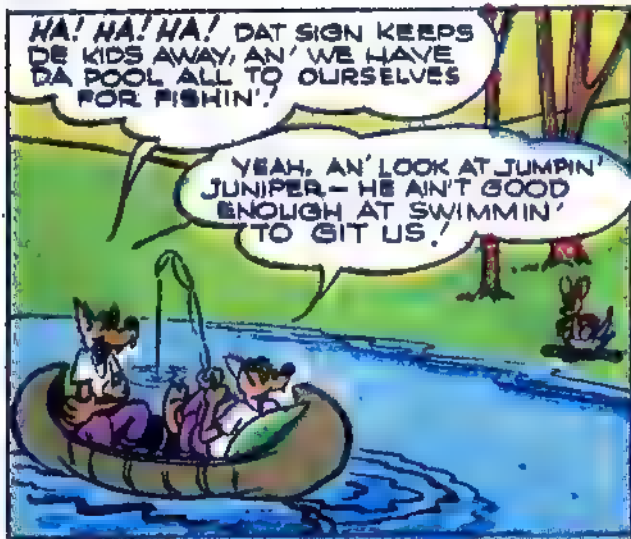












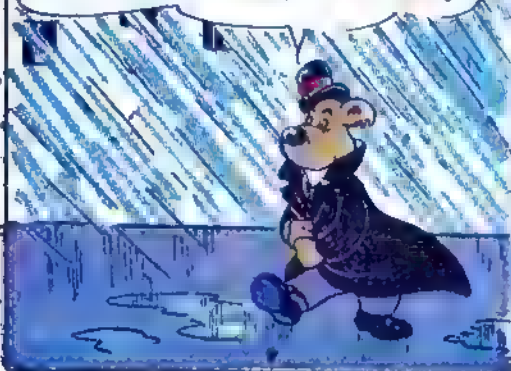


# SPYLOT BONES



DR. SPOTSEM HURRIES HOME TO FAKER STREET...

DASHED RAW DAY... IT'LL BE GOOD TO HAVE A FIRESIDE SPOT OF TEA WITH SPYLOT BONES.



I SAY, BONES OLD CHAP, NASTY WEATHER, WHAT?

QUIET, SPOTSEM! I'M CONCENTRATING!







B-R-R-R! BEASTLY COLD IN HERE, TOO. — WHY— WHY YOU'VE TAKEN OUT THE WINDOWS! — AND PAD-LOCKED THE WATER PITCHER!

WHY, YOU'VE PADLOCKED **EVERY PIECE OF GLASS** IN THE HOUSE!

PRECISELY, MY DEAR SPOTSEM! AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY!

IT'S A DASTARDLY PLOT! I JUST READ THAT A TRAINLOAD OF **GLASS** HAS BEEN WRECKED... SMASHED TO SMITHEREENS — THE SECOND WITHIN SIX MONTHS!

PLOT? I SAY, BONES OLD BEAN... WHAT PLOT?

I DEDUCE THAT SOMEONE IS ATTEMPTING TO WRECK THE COUNTRY'S MORALE BY DESTROYING THE MATERIALS FROM WHICH **MONOCLES** ARE MADE!

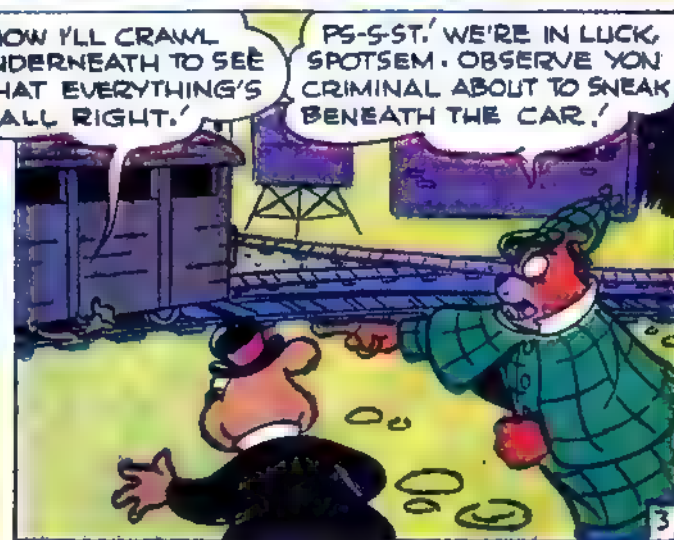
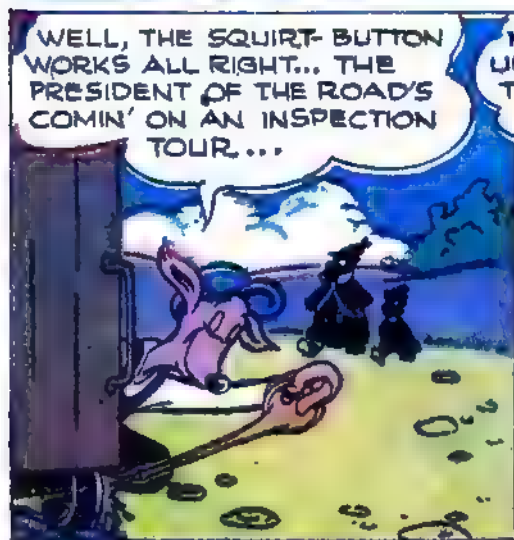
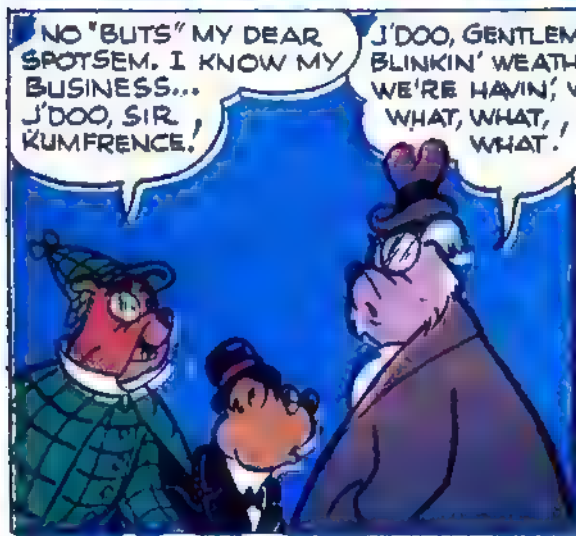
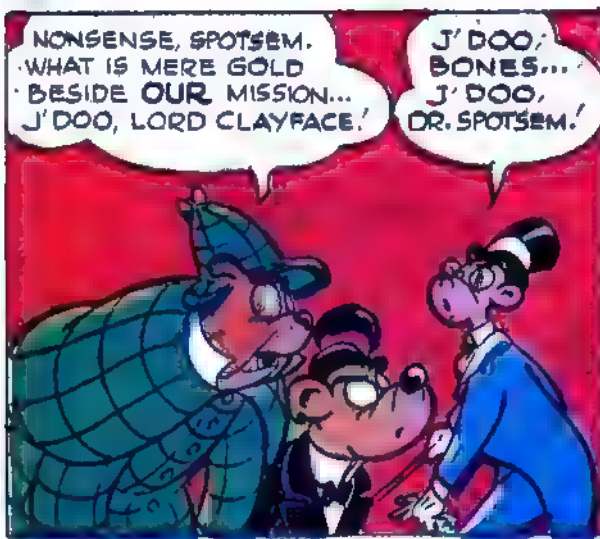
THAT'S TERRIBLE! — IMAGINE OUR COUNTRYMEN WITHOUT MONOCLES!

COME SPOTSEM, WE SHALL WEAR MONOCLES OURSELVES TO FLAUNT THE VILLAINS, WHILE WE GO FORTH TO SOLVE THIS CRIME!

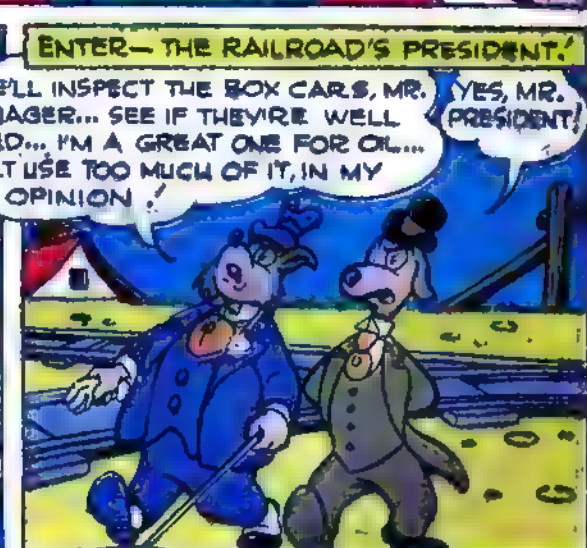
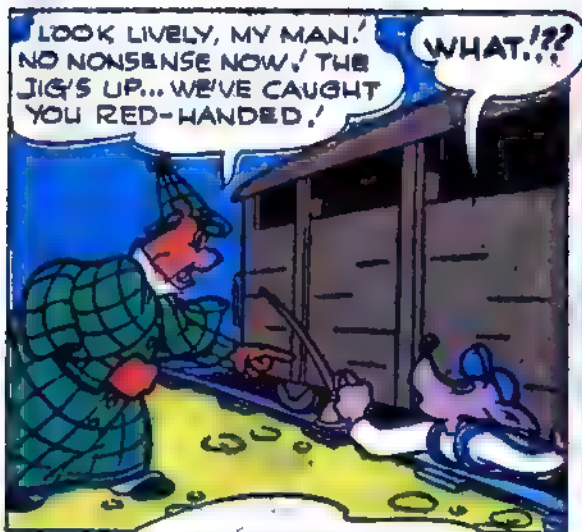
**EXTRY! EXTRY!** ALL ABOUT THE BIG GOLD SHIPMENT TO THE BANK OF LONDON!

I SAY, BONES... MAYBE IT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAT WE OFFER OUR SERVICES TO GUARD THAT GOLD SHIPMENT!

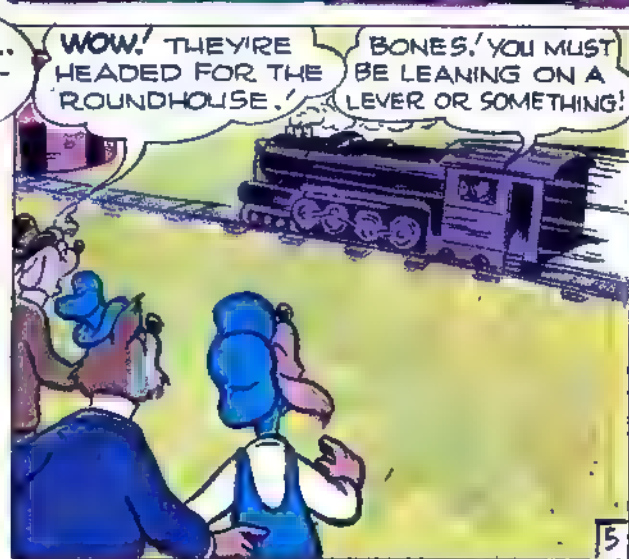
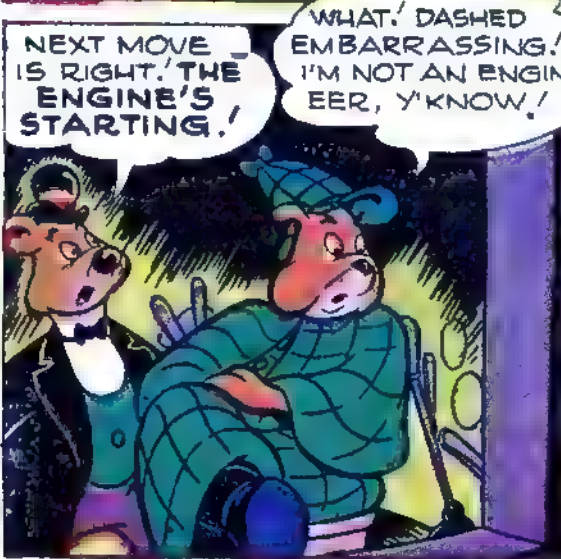
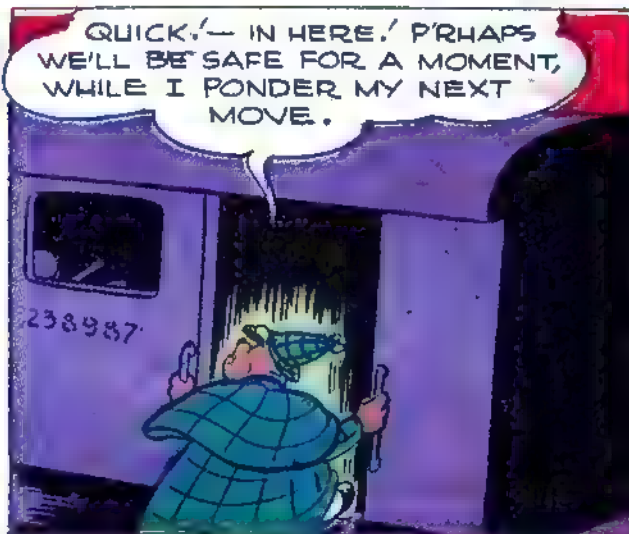
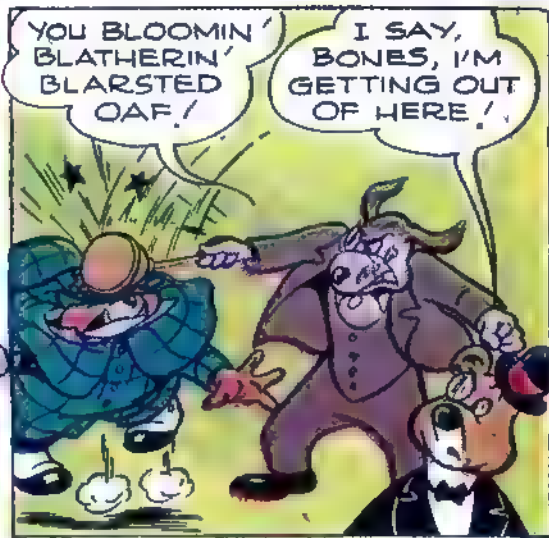




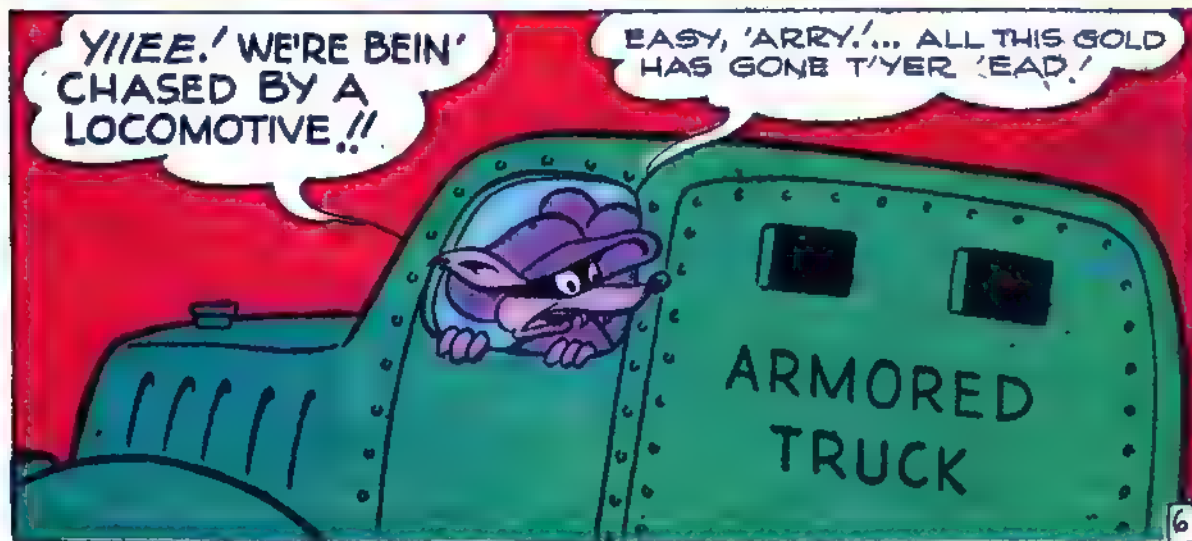
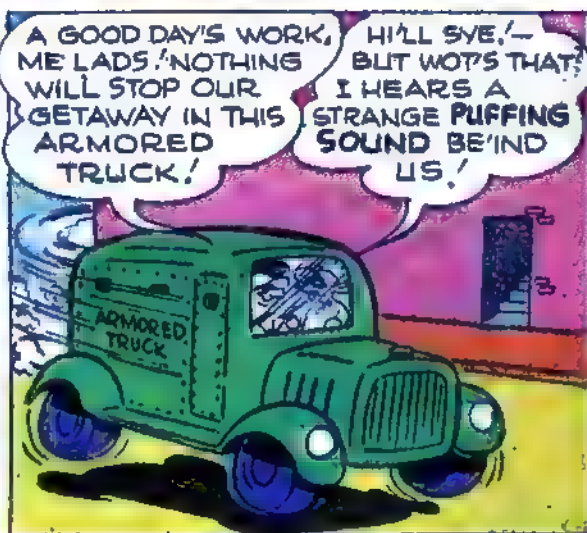
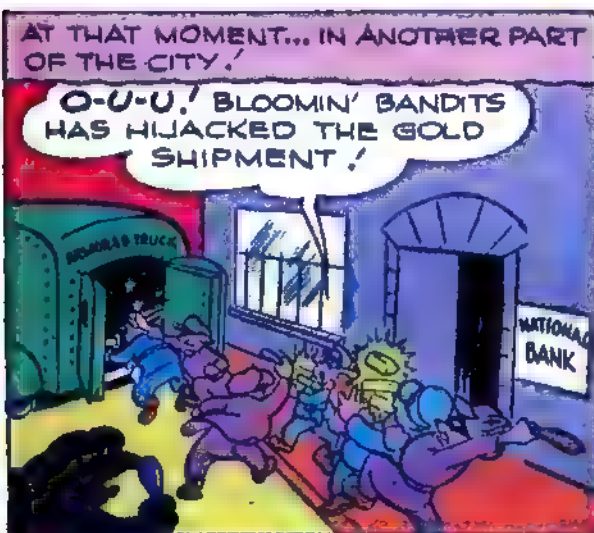
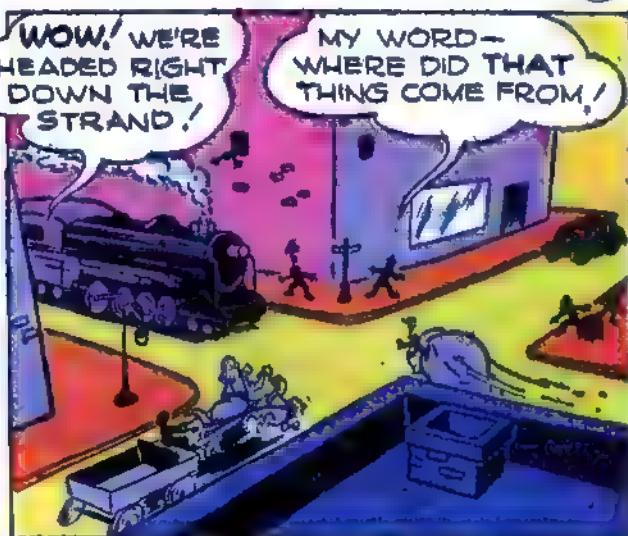
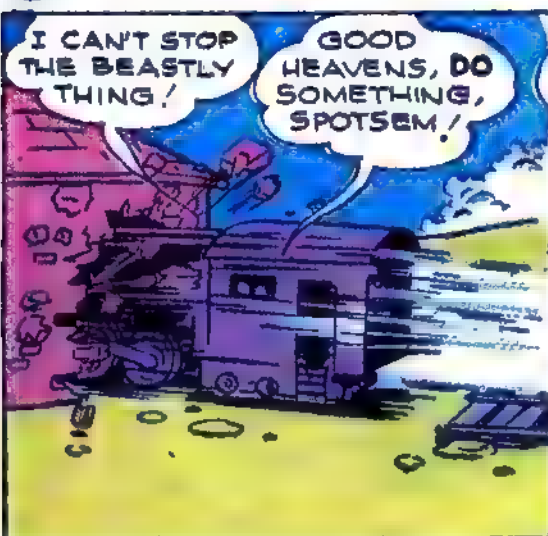














EEYOWW!  
'ARRY, YOU  
WERE RIGHT!

I SAY, SPOTSEM, HAVEN'T  
YOU FOUND THAT BEASTLY  
CONTROL LEVER YET?

GOOD WORK,  
ALF! WE'LL DODGE  
'EM UP THIS SIDE  
STREET.

NO BLARSTED  
LOCOMOTIVE CAN  
OUTWIT YOURS  
TRULY, 'ARRY!

BLARST ME FOR  
A BLUE BABOON! THEY'VE  
COME RIGHT THROUGH  
THE CORNER!

ODD, THERE'S NO  
STEERING APPARATUS  
ON THESE THINGS,  
BONES.

IIIIYEEEK!  
IT'S ALL OVER,  
'ARRY!

WOW!

BONES, OLD CHAP,  
I THINK THAT CRASH  
JARRED THE STOP  
LEVER ON!

IT'S AN OUTRAGE,  
OFFICER. I'M TRYING  
TO SOLVE A BIG GLASS  
MYSTERY—

TUT, TUT, BONES!  
MR. BONES MEANS HE'S  
ANXIOUS TO RETURN HOME  
AND START ON HIS NEXT  
CASE, OFFICER!

YOU'LL GET  
A BIG REWARD FOR  
CATCHING THESE  
CULPRITS, MR. BONES!

LATER—BACK IN FAKER ST.

I SAY, BONES...ASTOUND-  
ING, MOST ASTOUNDING,  
THE WAY YOU PRETENDED  
TO INVESTIGATE THE MON-  
OCLE CRISIS IN ORDER TO  
SOLVE THE GOLD  
STEALING!

ELEMENT'RY,  
MY DEAR  
SPOTSEM,  
ELEMENT'RY!

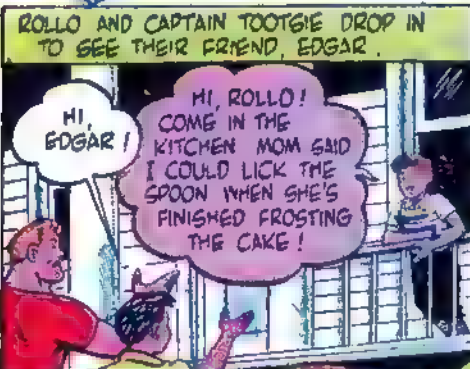
THE  
END





# and Tootsie "A-HEAD"

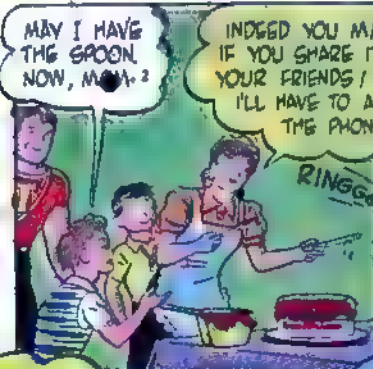
BY C.C. BECK AND PETER COSTANZA



ROLLO AND CAPTAIN TOOTSIE DROP IN TO SEE THEIR FRIEND, EDGAR.

HI, EDGAR!

HI, ROLLO! COME IN THE KITCHEN MOM SAID I COULD LICK THE SPOON WHEN SHE'S FINISHED FROSTING THE CAKE!



MAY I HAVE THE SPOON NOW, MOM?

INDUCE YOU MAY, SON, IF YOU SHARE IT WITH YOUR FRIENDS! OH, DEAR, I'LL HAVE TO ANSWER THE PHONE!



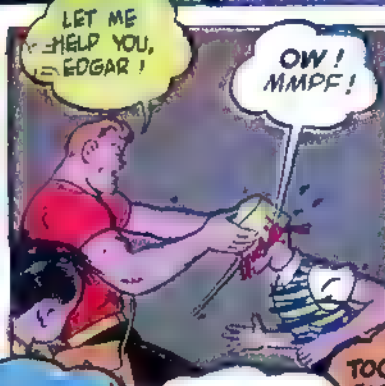
HERE, ROLLO, YOU LICK THE SPOON - I'M GOING TO LICK THE POT!

THANKS A LOT, EDGAR.



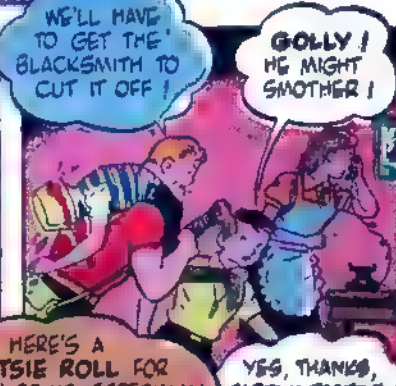
MMMM!

GEE WHIZ! GLUG! I'M STUCK!



LET ME HELP YOU, EDGAR!

OW! MMFF!



WE'LL HAVE TO GET THE BLACKSMITH TO CUT IT OFF!

GOLLY! HE MIGHT SMOTHER!



BEEEX!



OH! MY LITTLE BOY! DON'T CUT HIS HEAD OFF!

DON'T WORRY, MA'AM - I'LL BE CAREFUL!



HERE'S A TOOTSIE ROLL FOR EACH OF US - ESPECIALLY EDGAR FOR BEING SO BRAVE AND NOT CRYING A BIT!

YES, THANKS, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! I NEED LOTS OF ENERGY IN MY WORK!

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE



**HI, PALS!** DON'T MISS MY NEW BIG HALF-HOUR COAST TO COAST RADIO SHOW EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT ON YOUR A.B.C. BLUE STATION. EACH SHOW A COMPLETE EXCITING THRILLER!

SEE LOCAL PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION!

TOOTSIE ROLLS are delicious and a fine food as well! Made with loads of body-building ingredients which give you the energy you need - and fast! You can fairly feel the energy rush to your muscles after you pop a TOOTSIE ROLL into your mouth! Buy a TOOTSIE!



1¢ AND 5¢





# PATRICK PARROT'S UNNATURAL HISTORY

TRANSLATED FROM  
THE ANIMAL LANGUAGE  
by JESSE MERLAN •

## HOW THE DEER GOT SUCH BIG HORNS

**U**P in his favorite tree, Patrick Parrot was examining his feathers and picking out the frayed and worn ones that wouldn't be much good against the cold. A bright little squirrel frisking by called up to Pat: "You don't have to worry about the weather, Patrick. All you have to do when it gets cold is to talk a blue streak and you can keep yourself cozy with hot air. Hohoho!"

P. Parrot didn't care too much for that remark so before the squirrel could get away, Pat bounced an acorn down on his impudent head.

Patrick chuckled softly. "Aworrk! That'll teach you not to go makin' fun about P. Parrot and his gift of gab. When I tell a story, it isn't just hot air. It's the truth. That is, the truth as I remember it . . ."

Suddenly, Patrick was interrupted by a sharp, clacking sound that cut right through the regular, busy little noises of the autumn forest. It sounded like some boy running a big stick along a slatted fence. **CLACK-ETY - CLACK - CLACK - CLACK - CLACK!** Patrick Parrot and all the forest folk around his tree paused in their

work and listened more closely. And then came two sharp noises, like the banging thwacks made by a long stick beating a rug on a line. **BINGG! BINGG!** and immediately after that came the long and mournful and drawn-out quavering howl of a wolf in anguish.

Patrick knew what it was right away. Those **CLACKETY-CLACKS** had told him their story. "All right, folks," he called down to the listeners below. "I'll read those signals for you. Those **CLACKS** must have been Danny Deer trying out his brand new horns on a row of trees. Danny's always practicing with his proud new weapons. And from the sound of that last howl, I think he's been teaching Wally the Wolf a lesson in manners."

Sure enough, the very next instant a big gray wolf dashed across, the clearing under Patrick's tree and let out another howl of pain. "Danny Deer took two socks at me! And all I tried to do was to go up and speak to him!"

Pat Parrot snorted. "Hmppff! Since when have hungry wolves gotten around to sneaking up on a meek deer just to say hel-

lo? Wally, I think you deserve those two blows you got."

From under a bush nearby, Philo Fox piped up, glad of the chance to say a few good words for himself. "Well, it's about time Patrick got around to scolding somebody else besides a fox. Pat's always trying to convince people that I . . . ahem . . . chase around after Farmer Brown's chickens. But I'm proud to say that I wouldn't pick on a nice, timid deer." Philo Fox grinned with pleasure.

At this point, Danny Deer himself joined the conversation. He poked the noble spread of his hard horns over the top of a nearby bush and looked about and down at everybody and the squirrels and the hurt wolf. Wally, still massaging his aching side, looked up with respect and fear at the hard, sharp points of Danny's spreading antlers. They really made a terrific sword-and-stick weapon when Danny swung them about. But the deer's voice was soft and low and friendly.

"Just keep away from Mrs. Deer and the children, Wally. I don't like people with sharp teeth around my family. And if I ever catch you . . ."



Patrick Parrot tried to smooth things over. "Well, everything's all right now, and I'm sure that Wally won't come too close next time. Which reminds me . . . How would you folks like to hear about how the first deer grew his horns? It's quite a fable . . . I mean a true story."

Everybody was willing to listen, and Danny Deer was especially eager to hear about his ancient ancestors. Dan cocked his head and horns up at Pat. "You mean that once there was a deer without horns? Really?"

"ARRKK! Of course," replied Pat. "A full-grown Dan-Ancestor Deer with a head as smooth and hornless as a squirrel's."

All the forest people shushed, and Patrick went on. "Long, long drillions of years ago there was a deer without horns. And that wasn't all he didn't have. In those days, the deer family and that two-legged fellow named man were a lot more chummy than they are now. Ancestor-Deer would go down to visit with man and eat hay from his barns and play with his children. (As a matter of fact, some reindeer are still pretty friendly with the north woodsman named Santa Claus.)

"Sure," broke in Danny Deer, "a couple of northern friends of mine were telling me about some reindeer who pull a sled for Mr Claus every Christmas. Pat's right."

Patrick beamed with pride. It always made him feel good

to have anyone verify even the slightest fact in any of his stories. Puffing out his chest, Pat continued. "About what that Ancestor-Deer didn't have . . . he didn't have horns and he didn't have any money one day for buying any more hay from the farmer's barn. You see, men had invented a system of cash payment for everything and that one day found Ancestor-Dan without a cent on him.

"So this penniless deer went around to a farmer's house and stuck his head in the window. The ancestor-farmer and his friends were having a party and Danny was hoping he could get the key for the hay storehouse. But when he poked his head into the party, one of the men guests there put an ancient fur hat right over Danny's eyes. Just hung it there

"This ancient Danny started to snort in indignation and back away, but the ancient man quickly calmed his fears and promised him an extra helping of tender hay if only Danny would act as a new invention. A . . . a hatrack. (Up till that time hatracks hadn't been invented and men were awfully uncomfortable always holding their hats in their hands.)

"Well, Ancestor-Danny stood there all that night and at one time he had seventeen hats, three canes and two umbrellas hung on him. He balanced them all on his head and his neck and his two front hooves and that's what started that first deer to growing horns. He figured that if he grew horns with enough widely spaced points on them, he could make a pile of money as a hat-check concession at human parties. So he did just that. Rubbed and pulled and scratched and yanked behind his ears till he sprouted a grand spread of horns and he became a hat-rack millionaire, and that's why deer have horns." Pat finished his story with "Of course, modern deer use their horns for defense against wolves and foxes."



When Patrick Parrot stopped talking, smart-cracking Philo Fox was the first of the audience to speak. "Whoever heard of a deer acting as a hatrack?" scoffed Philo scornfully. And just then his answer came even before Patrick Parrot could squawk.

For Danny Deer's cousin, Dicky Deer, poked his head and horns into the forest gathering. And every eye popped in astonishment and even Philo Fox had to keep still. For hanging from the two lower points of Cousin Dick's antlers were a derby hat, a silk scarf and a man's umbrella.

"Look what happened to me," excitedly babbled Dick Deer. "I just poked my head into Farmer Brown's hall window and look what he hung on me. He must have thought I was a hatrack."

Patrick chuckled with glee. "So THAT proves THAT story." And then Pat turned to Dick Deer. "Just take that stuff back and drop it in Farmer Brown's window, Dick Deer. You don't need any money, so why hire yourself out as a hatrack?"

And as Dick Deer bounded away to do just that, the forest folk went back to their tasks. And Philo Fox muttered under his breath "I still don't believe those P Parrot fables. And some day I'm going to catch him in a lie, a fib and a whopper. I hope, I hope, I hope."



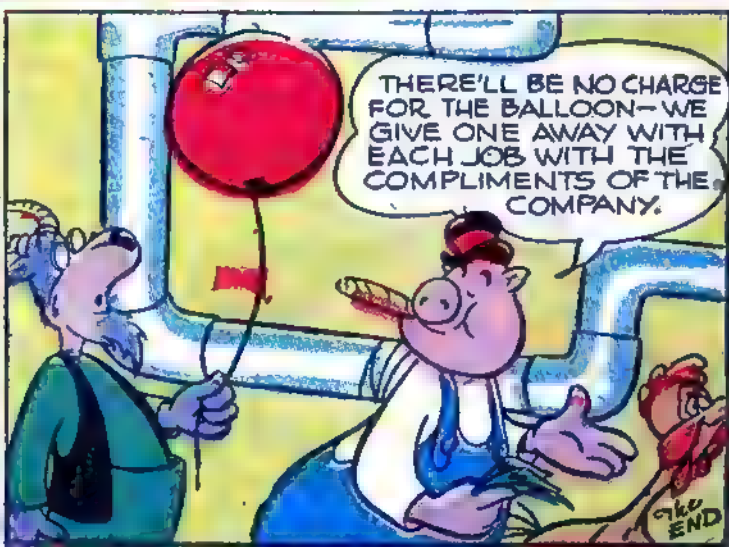
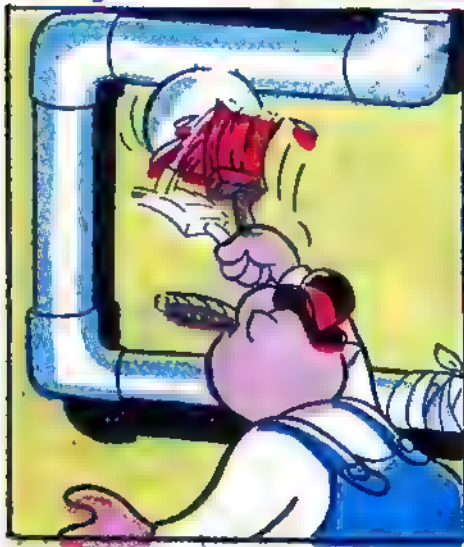
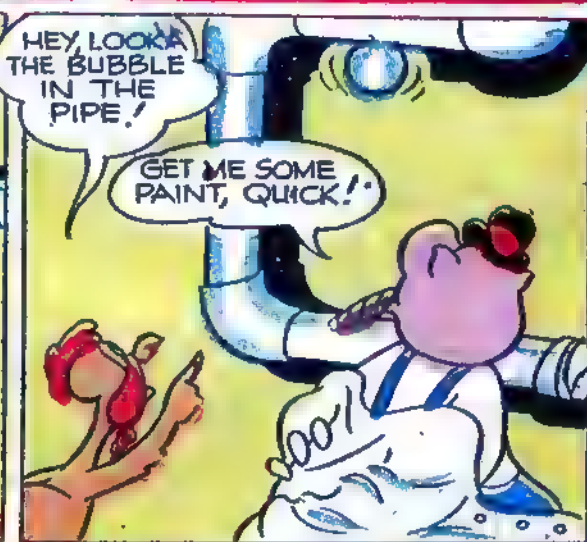
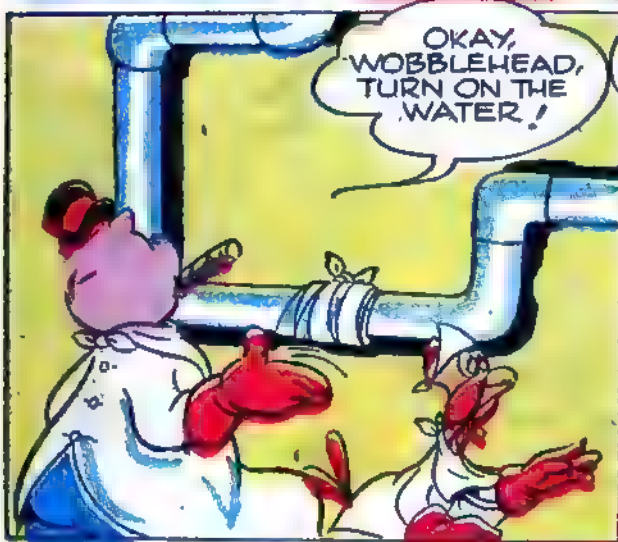


# INFLATED TROUBLE

WE'RE FROM THE PUNK PLUMBING CO. TO FIX THE LEAK IN YOUR WATERPIPE!

COME ON IN! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

HAMMER!—  
CHISEL!—  
BLOWTORCH!—  
ADHESIVE TAPE—

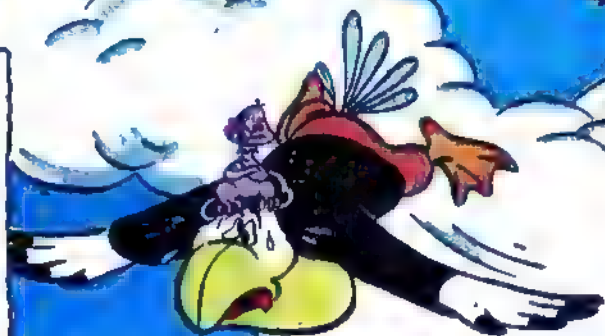


THE END

# PELICAN PETE



FISH SHOULD SWIM  
AND BIRDS SHOULD  
FLY—BUT SUPPOSE  
SOME BIRD WON'T  
TRY? THAT'S A PROBLEM,  
AND A PROBLEM  
ALWAYS BRINGS OUT  
PELICAN PETE!  
WATCH PETE AND  
HIS GADGET-  
PACKED POUCH AS  
HE ZOOMS INTO  
THE CASE OF  
"THE UN-FLYING EAGLE!"



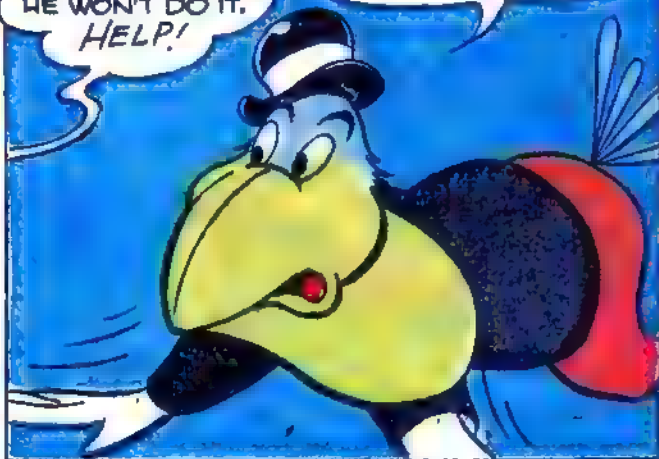
FISH SWIMMING,  
FOLKS WALKING, BIRDS  
ZOOMING—EVERYTHING  
SEEMS TO BE ALL RIGHT!



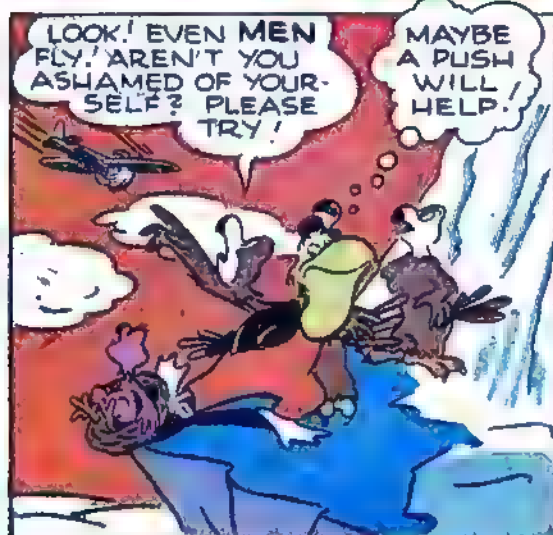
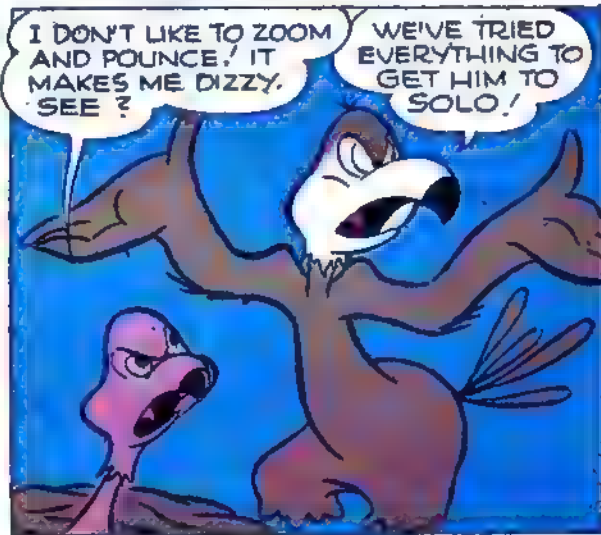
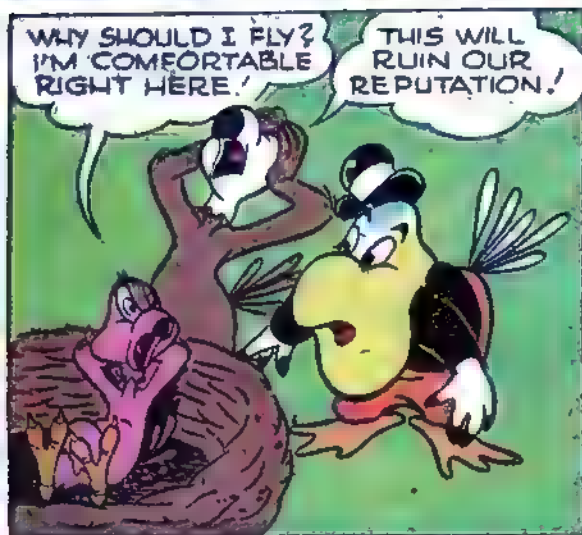
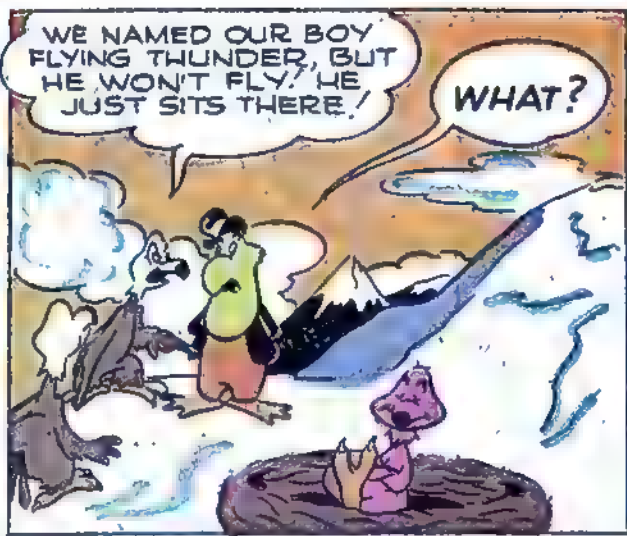
BUT...

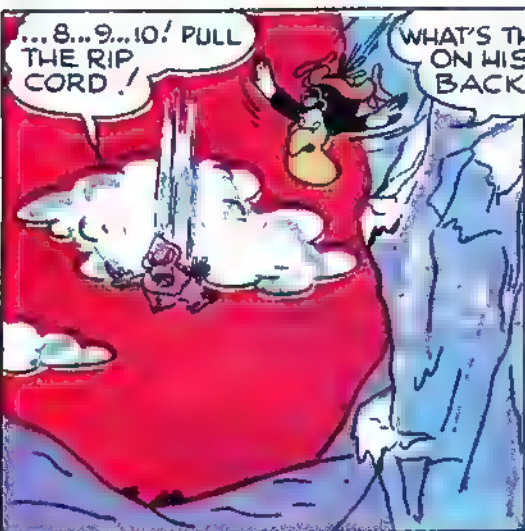
HELP!  
WE WON'T DO IT!  
HELP!

HAH!—TROUBLE!



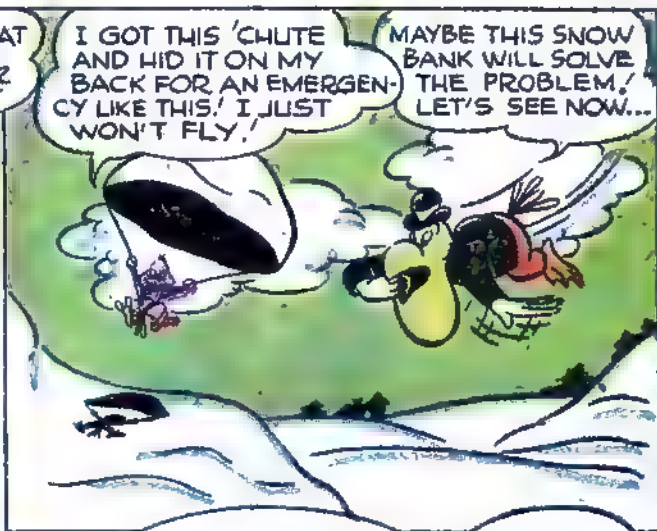






...8...9...10! PULL THE RIP CORD!

WHAT'S THAT ON HIS BACK?



I GOT THIS 'CHUTE AND HID IT ON MY BACK FOR AN EMERGENCY LIKE THIS! I JUST WON'T FLY!

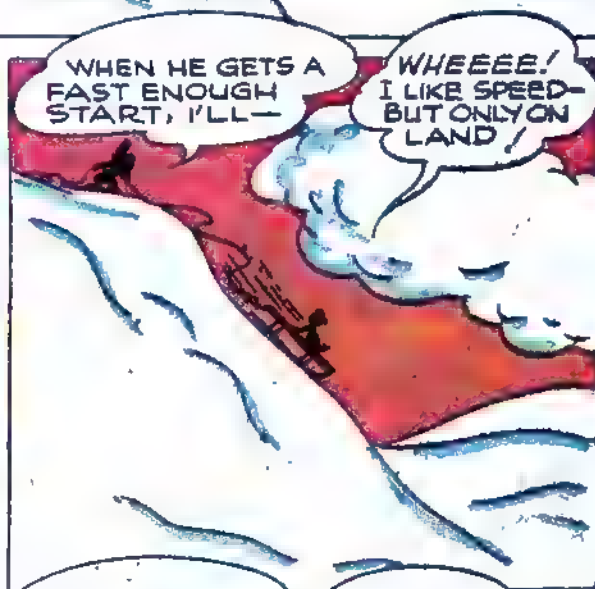
MAYBE THIS SNOW BANK WILL SOLVE THE PROBLEM! LET'S SEE NOW...



FROM HIS POUCH OF PLENTY, PETE ASSEMBLES A SLED!

HOW ABOUT A RIDE PAL?

IF YOU WANT TO PLAY, OKAY! BUT NO TRICKS!



WHEN HE GETS A FAST ENOUGH START, I'LL—

WHEEEE! I LIKE SPEED BUT ONLY ON LAND!



HE'S DOING 90 MILES AN HOUR! PLENTY OF SPEED FOR A TAKE-OFF!

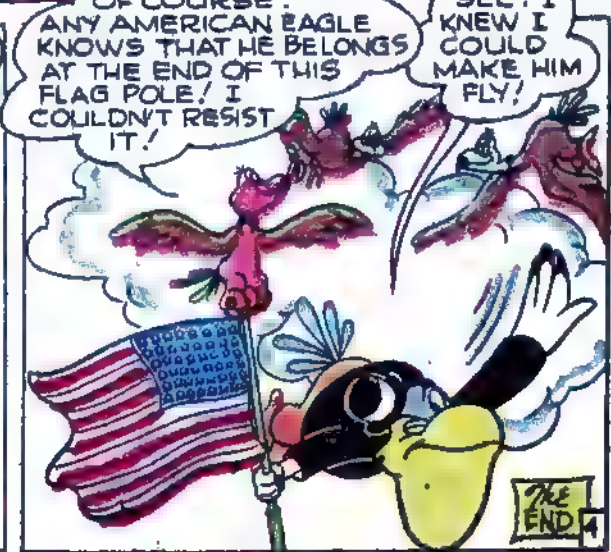
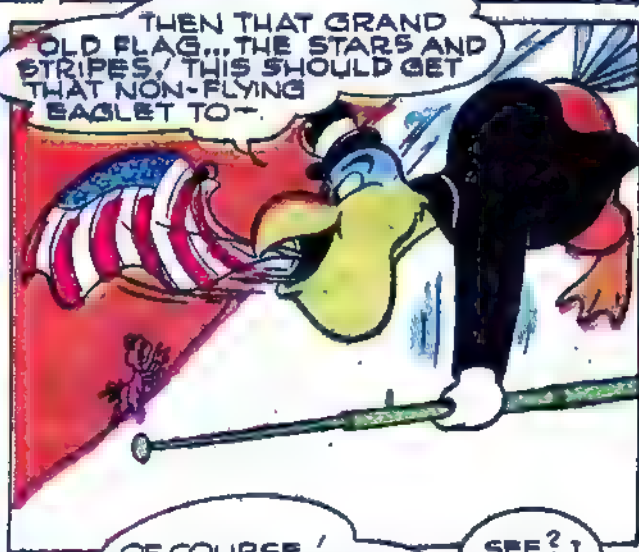
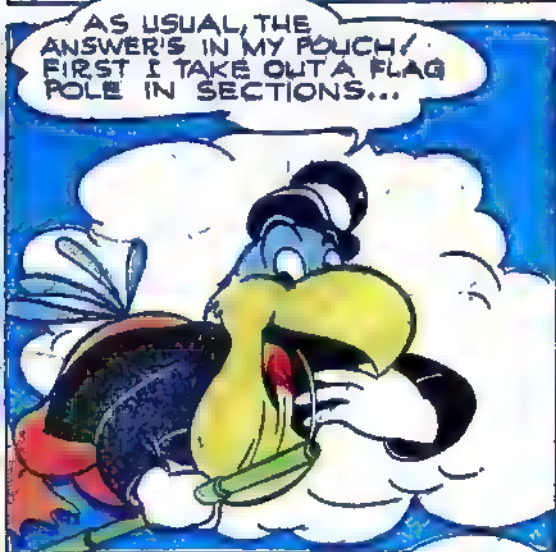
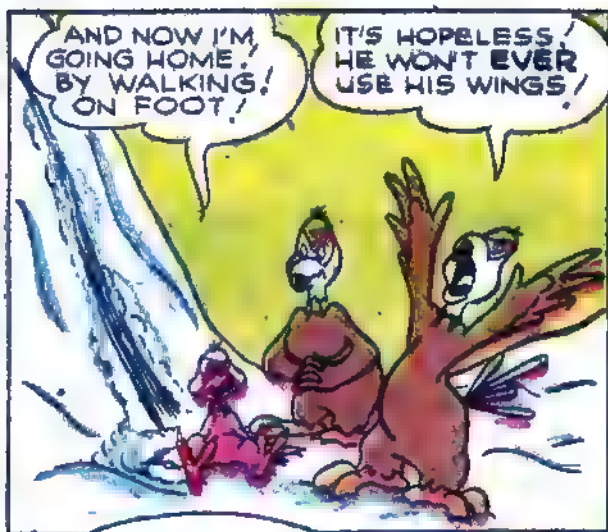
HEY!



I'LL FOIL YOUR SMART PLOT, PETE! I'LL JUST SUDE ON DOWN!

JUST LIKE A ROLLER COASTER! MORE FUN THAN FLYING, ISN'T IT?





**PRIZES  
for  
BAGS**

# Popsicle Fudgicle CREAMSICLE

These Bags Must Read "Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp."  
and Must Also Say "Save These Bags for Gifts."  
No Other Bags Are Good For These Prizes.

TRADE MARK  
REGISTERED  
U.S. PAT. OFF.

**WIZARD  
Play BUB-BLO**

Hours of fun playing games and having contests. Bub-Blo makes big, colorful bubbles that fly, float and bounce. Just wave the wand or blow gently through the ring-formed ends. You get enough Bub-Blo to make millions of bubbles! Wand included.

**ONLY 5 BAGS AND A NICKEL**

## Special 5-BAG DEALS

**Any Of These Special Prizes—YOURS  
For Only 5 BAGS and A Nickel!**

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Send for Free Catalog  
Showing Prizes and Number  
of Bags Needed for Each



**SEND BAGS to "POPSICLE"  
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Atlanta, Ga., 325 Elizabeth St. N.E.

This offer, effective until Nov. 1, 1946, is void in any state or locality where redemption or issuance thereof is prohibited, or where any law, license or other restriction is imposed.

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3 Books, each with 24 pages and separate cover in 2 colors. Titles:  
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PARLOR PUZZLES  
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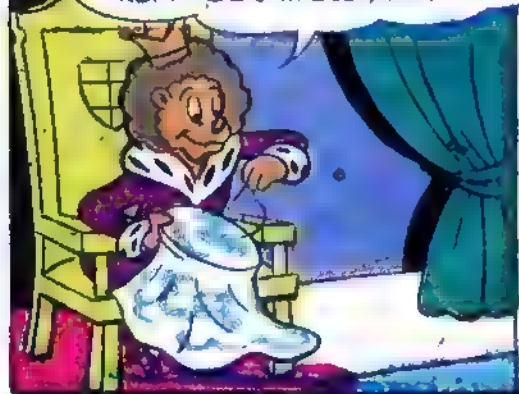
# KING'S OSCAR'S COURT

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE... BUT NOT WHEN THEY'RE ON YOUR ENEMY, WHO'S A GIANT IN THE BARGAIN! THAT'S WHAT KING OSCAR AND HIS ROUND TABLE KNIGHTS LEARN BERE THEY QUELL...  
**"THE TITANIC TERROR!"**



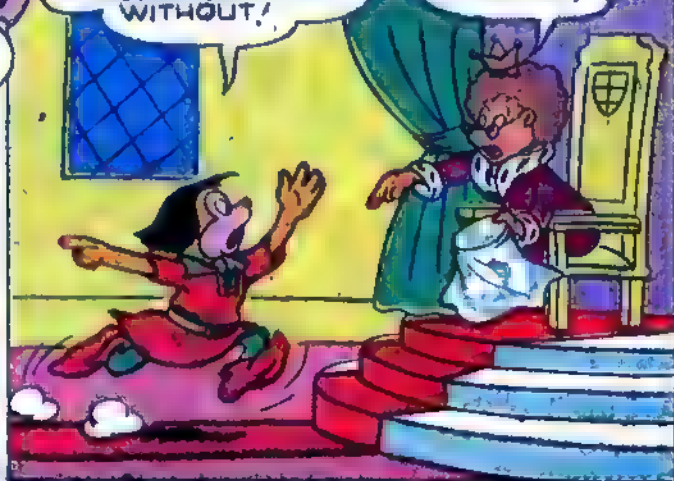
THE COURT OF KING OSCAR — WHERE GOODE QUEENE JENNIFER NEEDLES A WORK OF ART...

THIS TAPESTRY SHOWS OSCAR DIRECTING HIS MEN IN BATTLE FROM FOUR MILES AWAY.



YOUR MAJESTY! A MESSENGER WAITS WITHOUT!

SEND HIM HITHER AT ONCE!



YOUR WORSHIP A MONSTROUS TWO-HEADED GIANT IS TERRORIZING THE COUNTRYSIDE TO THE NORTH!

PLEASE SEND US RELIEF—HE'S TERRIBLE!

THE KING IS BRAVE, GOOD MESSENGER! EVEN NOW HE READIES HIMSELF FOR JUST SUCH NATIONAL EMERGENCIES! I'LL FETCH HIM!

BRAVO, GREAT LEGGALONG! THAT'S SHOWING HIM!

HURRAH FOR HOPPENJUMP! THAT'S SHOWING HIM!

WHAT! CRICKET RACES?

YOW! THE QUEEN!

A QUEST JUST CAME IN— BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE MUCH TROUBLE WITH IT! THERE'S ONLY ONE ENEMY!

COME ON, MEN— WE'LL HANDLE HIM EASY!

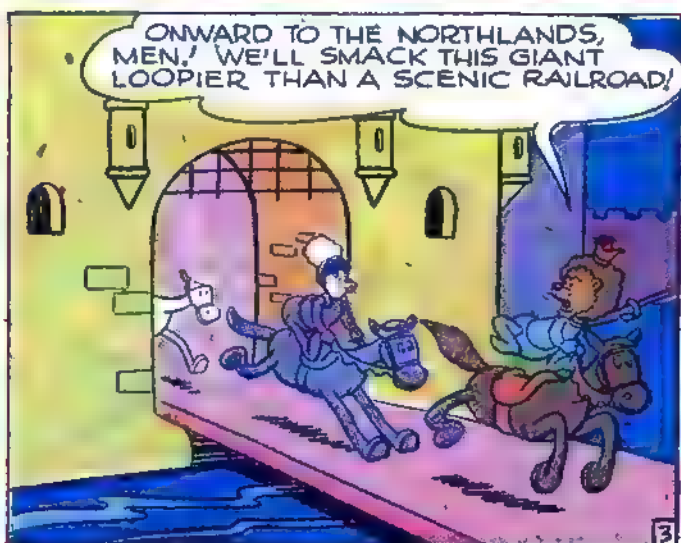
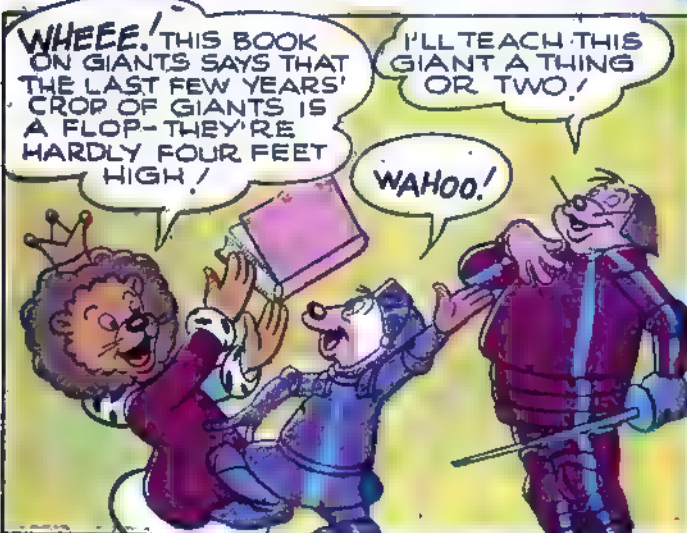
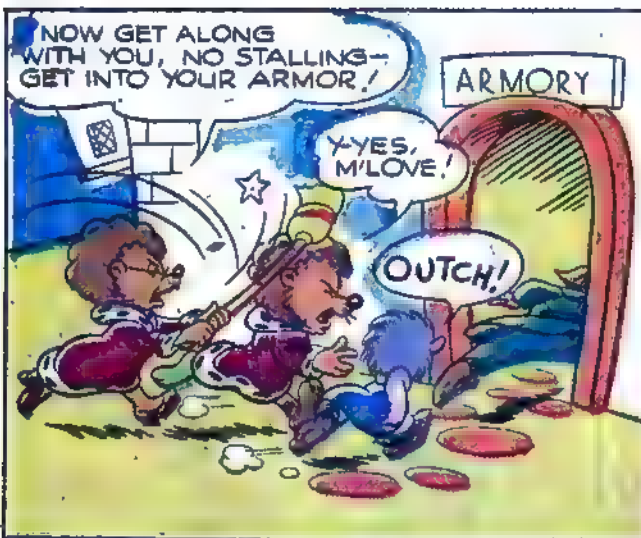
BY THE WAY, HE'S A NICE, BIG, MONSTROUS TWO-HEADED GIANT!

A G-G-GIANT?

ONLY ONE? YIPEE!

O-O-U-U!





SOME TIME LATER...

FEE, FO,  
FI, FUM!

I FORGET THE  
REST, BUT HERE  
I COME!

SOME ONE CHANTIN' ONE  
O' THEM NURSERY RHYMES.  
HMPH! YUH'D THINK FOLKS  
HAD MORE T'DO!

YOU DON'T  
THINK  
MUCH—

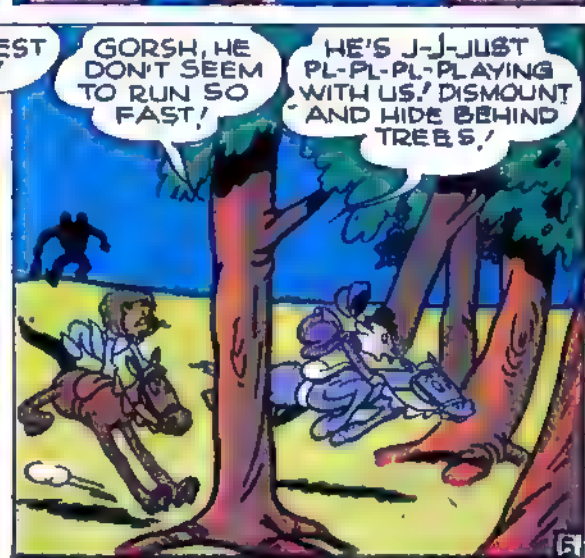
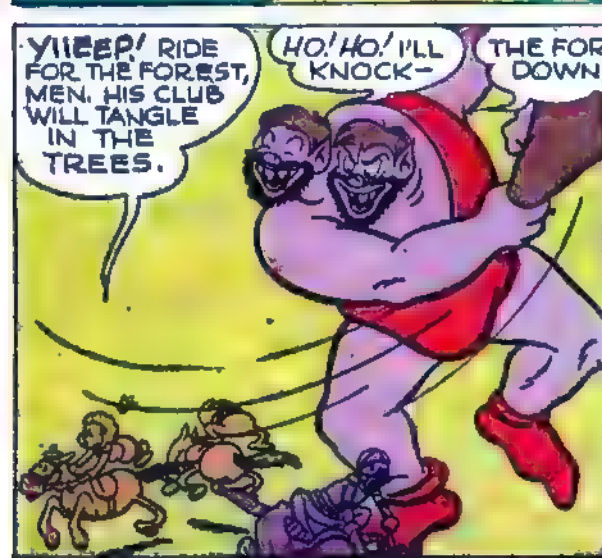
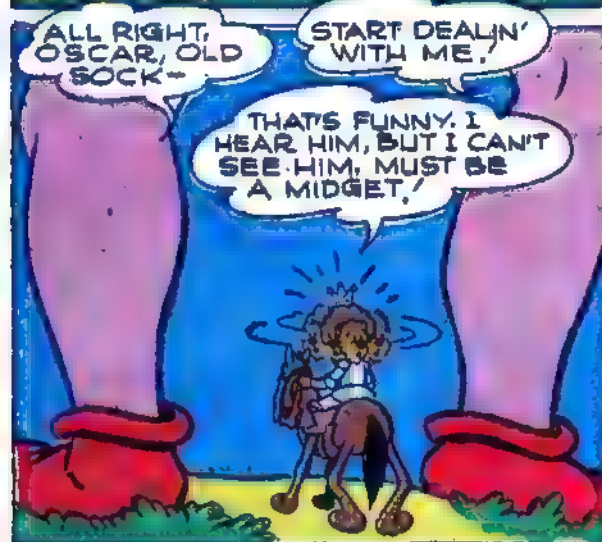
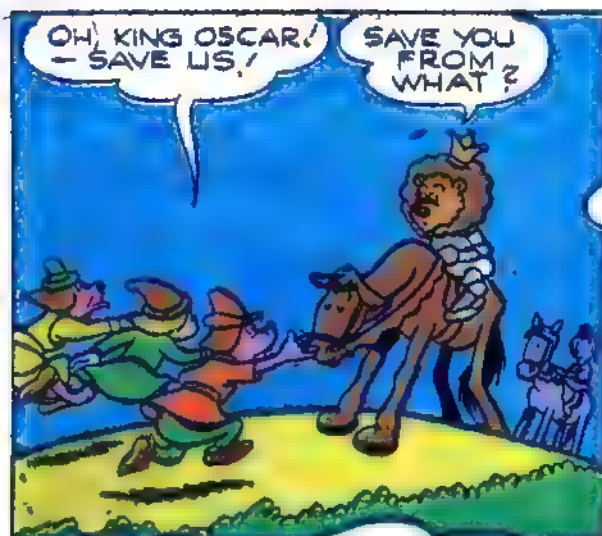
OF US GIANTS,  
DO YOU?

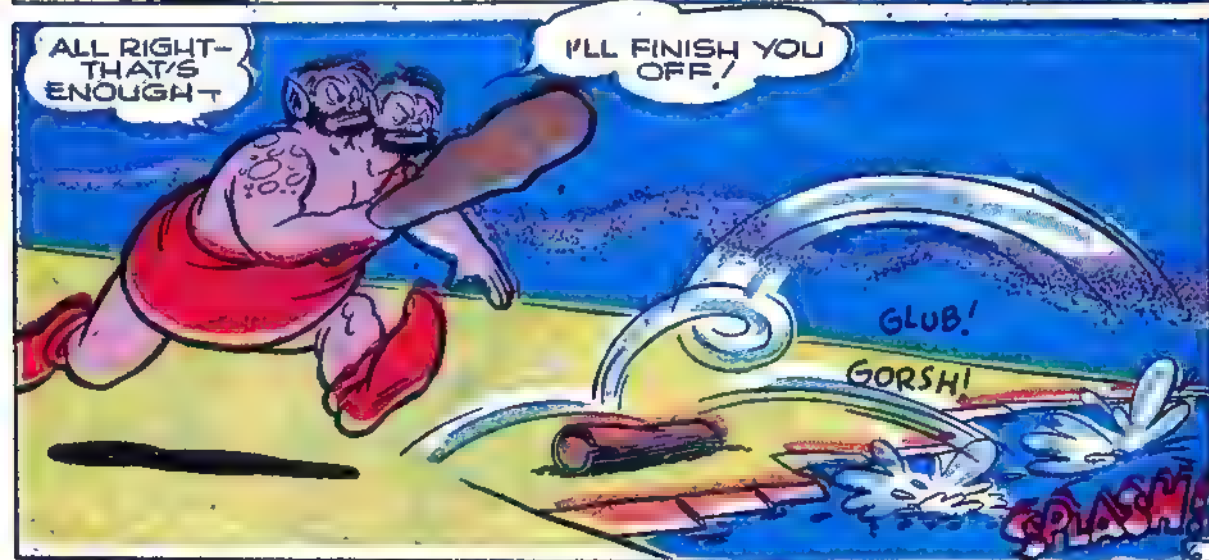
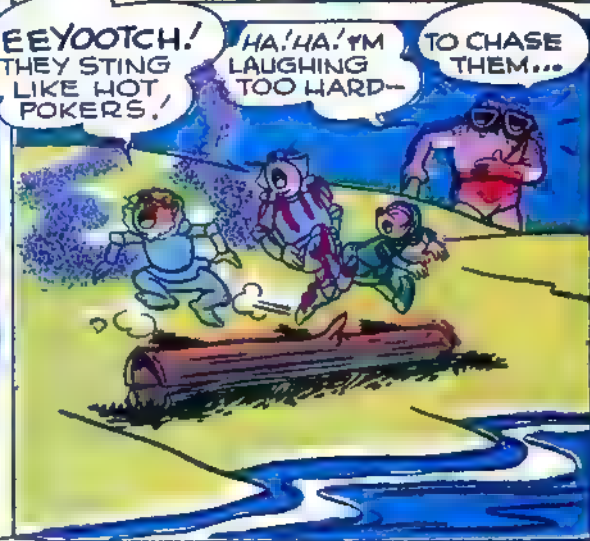
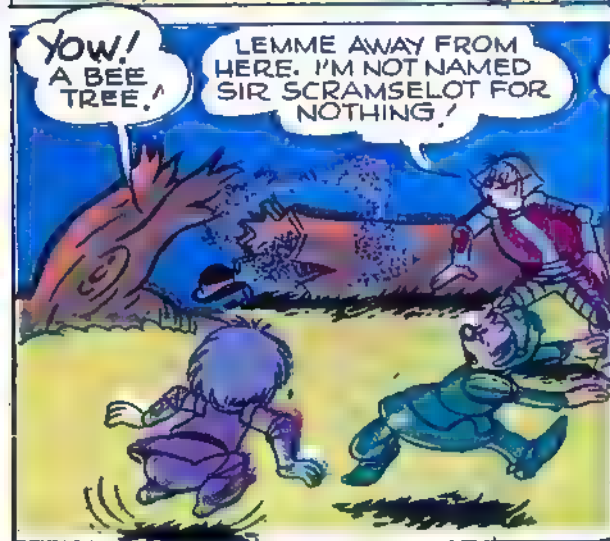
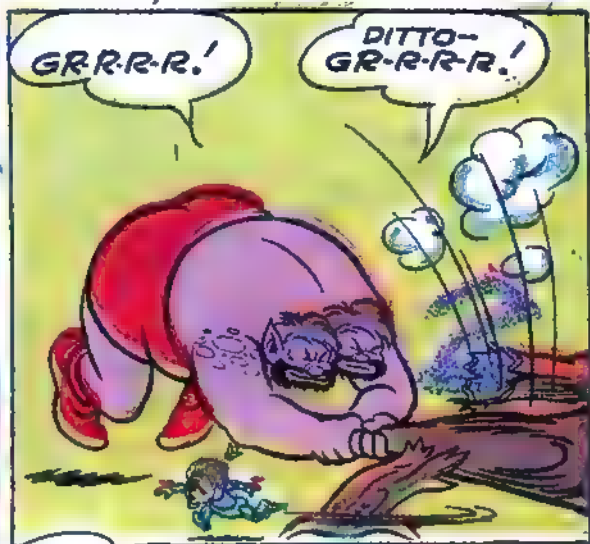
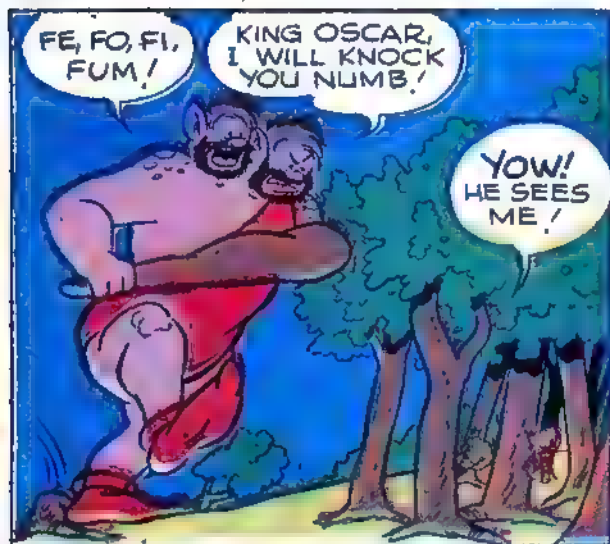
ULP!  
GULP!  
YEEEEK!

RUN FOR YOUR  
LIVES! A  
GIANT!

YOW!  
HELP!









NOW TO —  
HEY! THE BEES —  
THEY'RE COMING  
AT ME!



WHY- WHY.  
HE TALKED  
ONLY OUT OF  
ONE HEAD  
THIS TIME!

EEYOW!  
I'M STUNG!

YIII!  
ME  
TOO!

YIPE!  
ME  
TOO!

OOTCH!  
ME TOO!

WH-WHAT!  
VOICES ARE  
COMING FROM  
ALL OVER  
INSIDE  
HIM!

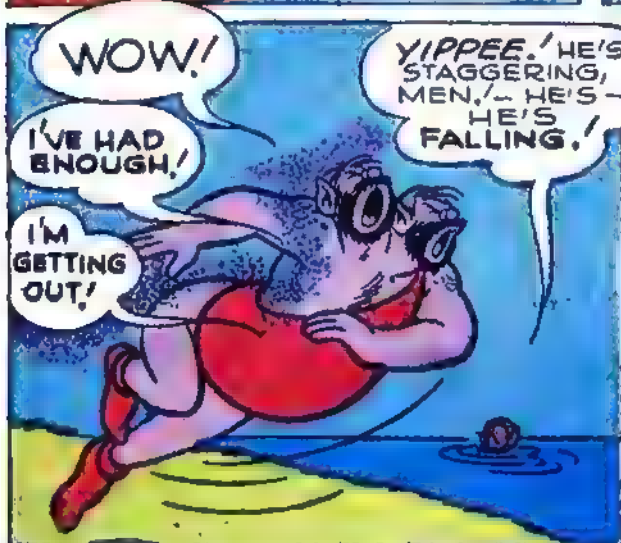


WOW!

I'VE HAD  
ENOUGH!

I'M  
GETTING  
OUT!

YIPPEE! HE'S  
STAGGERING,  
MEN! — HE'S —  
HE'S FALLING!



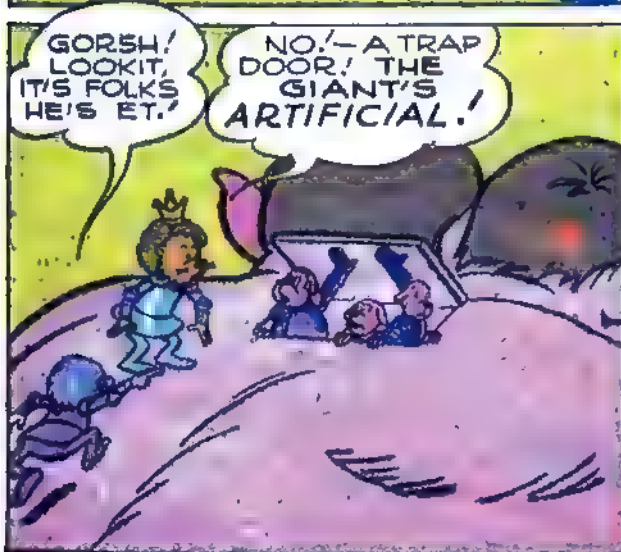
GORSH! THAT'S  
FUNNY — A GIANT  
BEING KNOCKED  
OUT BY BEES!

RUSH HIM —  
DON'T LET HIM  
GET UP AGAIN!  
THE BEES ARE  
GOING!

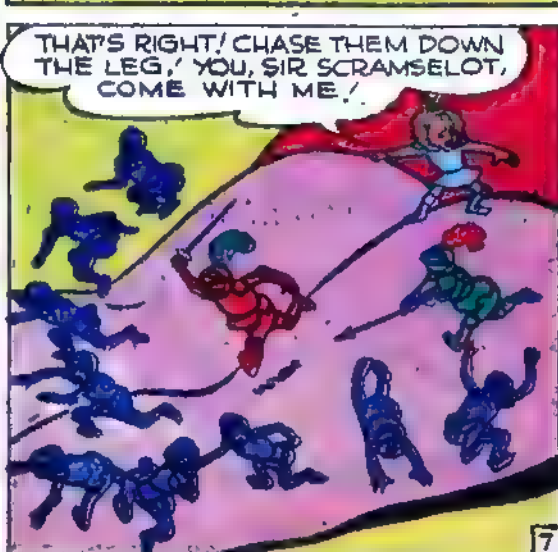


GORSH!  
LOOKIT,  
IT'S FOLKS  
HE'S ET!

NO! — A TRAP  
DOOR! THE  
GIANT'S  
ARTIFICIAL!



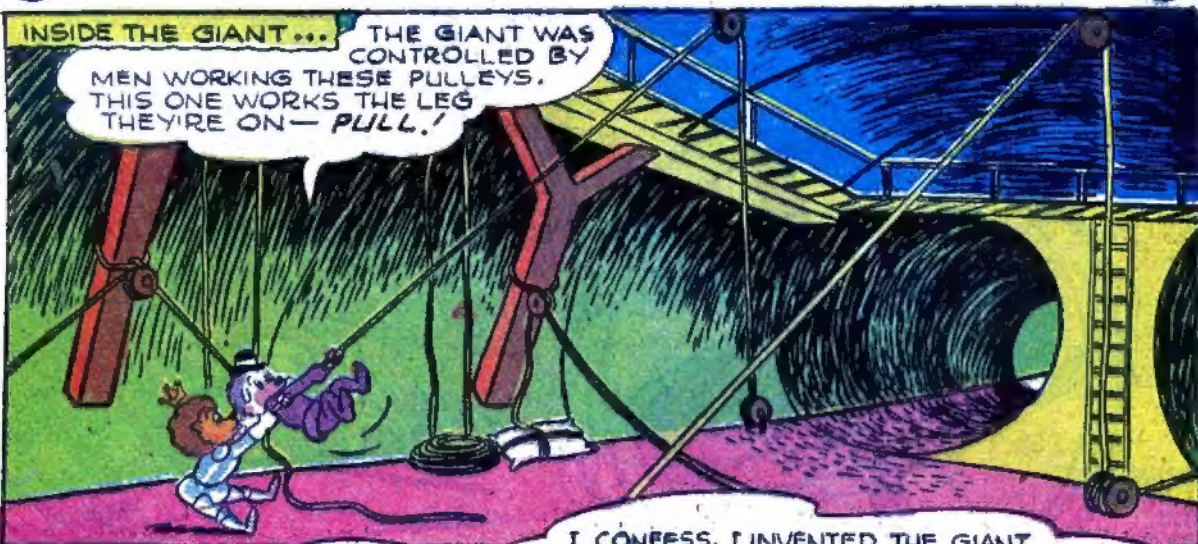
THAT'S RIGHT! CHASE THEM DOWN  
THE LEG! YOU, SIR SCRAMSELOT,  
COME WITH ME!





INSIDE THE GIANT...

THE GIANT WAS CONTROLLED BY MEN WORKING THESE PULLEYS. THIS ONE WORKS THE LEG THEY'RE ON—PULL!



EEEEE!!! WE GIVE UP!

I CONFESS. I INVENTED THE GIANT TO CONQUER YOUR KINGDOM, AND I SAT IN THE UPPER PART AND TALKED THROUGH TWO MEGAPHONES, WHILE THE OTHERS WORKED THE PULLEY ROPES THAT MADE IT GO! BUT—MERCY! WE'LL BE YOUR SUBJECTS FOR LIFE!

GRANTED, IF YOU'LL HELP US GET THIS THING UP AND GOING AGAIN!



WOWIE FOR KING OSCAR! HE CAPTURED THE ARTIFICIAL GIANT!

FEE, FI, FO FUMMER—I'M GLAD YOU KNOW YOUR KING'S A HUMMER!

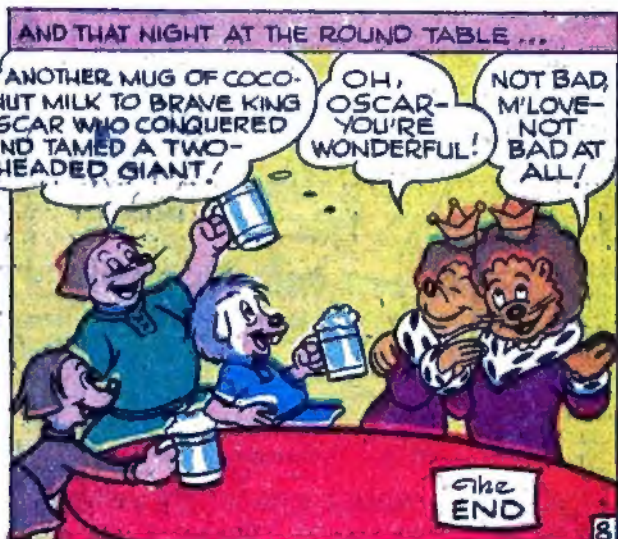
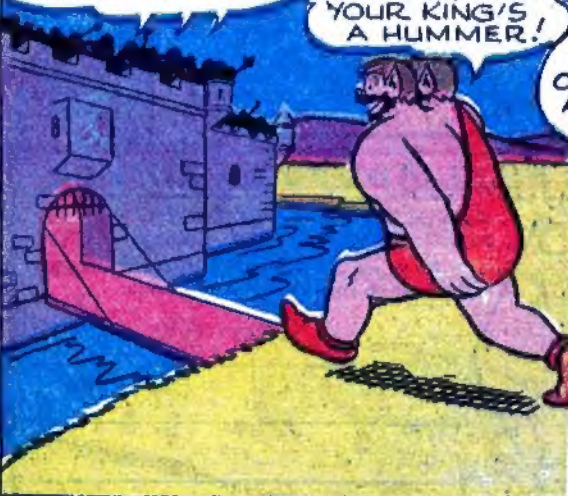


AND THAT NIGHT AT THE ROUND TABLE...

ANOTHER MUG OF COCONUT MILK TO BRAVE KING OSCAR WHO CONQUERED AND TAMED A TWO-HEADED GIANT!

OH, OSCAR—YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

NOT BAD, M'LOVE—NOT BAD AT ALL!



the END



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**SCIENTIFIC MARVEL**  
WHOSE SECRET HELPED

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SPINS  
LIKE  
THE  
EARTH



SEEMS TO  
DEFY THE LAWS  
OF NATURE



BALANCES  
SIDWAYS

## AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS WITH THESE BAFFLING TRICKS



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ON A STRING

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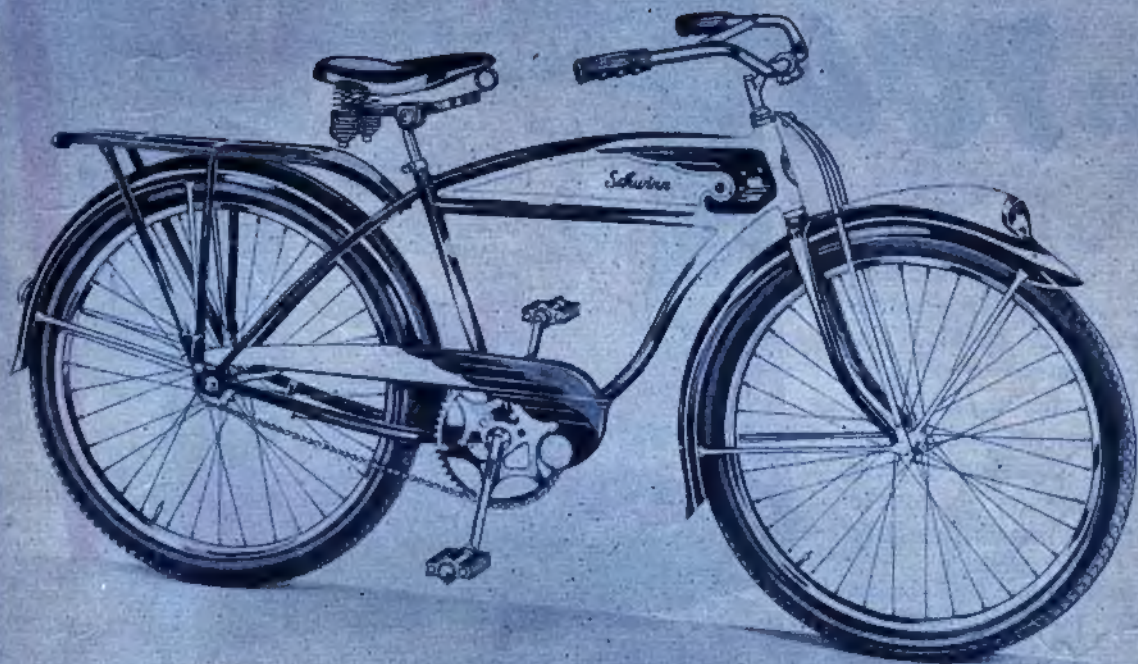
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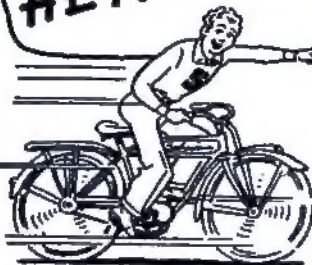
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SEE THE NEW  
**Schwinn-Built Bicycles**  
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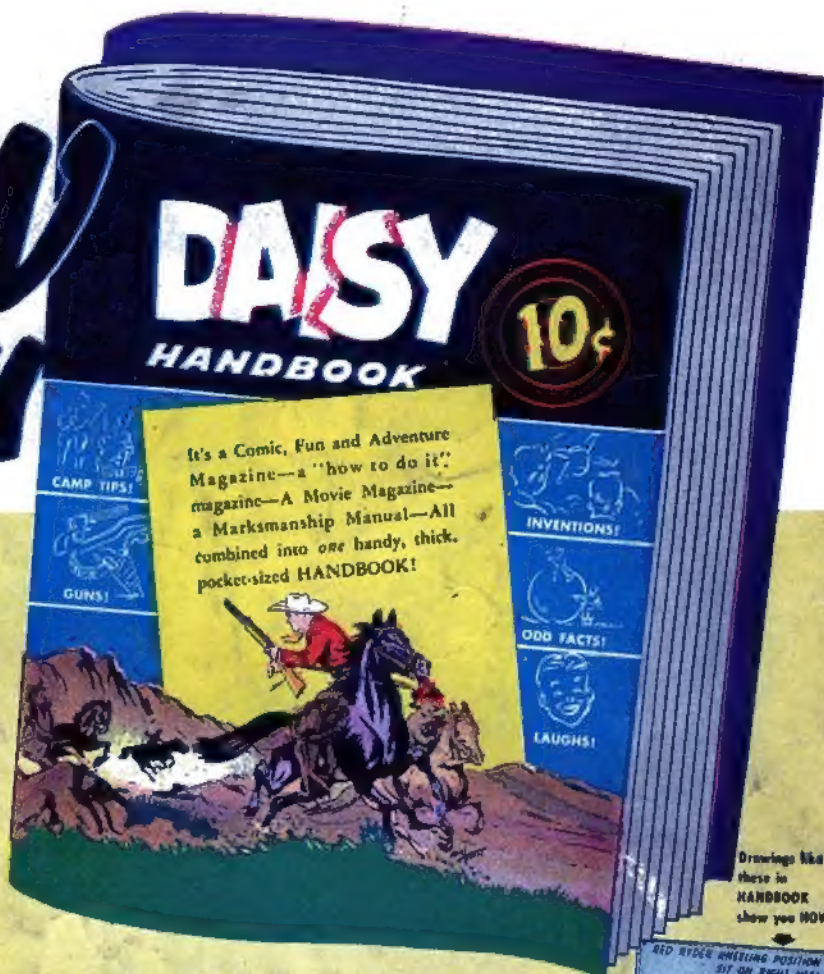
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